THE NEW
STATESMAN
AND NATION
The Week-end Review

Vol. XLI. No. 1046 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1951 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . Page 329
BRITAIN'S DILEMMA 332
PATTERN IN PARIS. By Alexander Werth . . 333
LONDON DIARY. By Critic 333
RUBAIYAT OF PERSIAN OIL. By Sagittarius . 334
THIS ENGLAND 334
THE SIX COUNTIES. By Mervyn Jones . . 335
PARTISANS IN REVOLT. By Francis Noel-Baker 335
CYCLING ROADSTERS. By Arthur Marshall . 336
FOR WOMEN ONLY. By Robert Pitman . . 338
SO THEY SAY . . . By Autolycus . . . 338
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:
  The Young Schönberg. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor 340
  An Exhibition of Fauve Pictures. By Benedict Nicolson 340
  The Electra of Sophocles. By T. C. Worsley 340
  Radio Notes. By William Salter . . . 342
CORRESPONDENCE 343
  From Bernard Homa; R. St. John Reade; Hugh Seton-Watson; Charles K. Murray; David Sells; F. M. R. Hunar; Henry Smith; John Allen.
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By H. R. Trevor-Roper . 345
SPRING SONG. By Gavin Ewart . . Page 346
REVIEWS:
  The Shield and the Sword. By Alexander Werth 346
  No Country for Old Men. By Kathleen Raine 346
  Escape Routes. By Ralph Partridge . . 348
  Childbirth. By Margaret Lane . . . 349
  Lawn Sleeves. By John Raymond . . 349
  Lawrence Alive. By Walter Allen . . 350
  New Novels. By John Richardson . . 351
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 351
CHESS. By Assiac 353

Mr. Churchill to the Rescue

It is instructive to imagine what the national press would have said if a Labour Opposition had adopted the present parliamentary tactics of the Tory party. "Red Hooligans sabotage Parliament" would have been the mildest headline. On every front page would have been blazoned the daily horror story of obstruction, contemptuous attacks on the Speaker, rowdiness and horseplay. In the editorial columns we should have been solemnly told that in their insensate lust for power the Labour leaders were undermining the very fabric of our free, democratic institutions.

When Mr. Winston Churchill orders his young bloods into the fray, the tone of the press comment is strikingly different. Mr. Churchill, we are told, is once again putting country before party or personal ambition. Since he has failed by normal Parliamentary means to defeat the Labour Government, he is bound in the national interest to adopt rather rougher methods in order to get rid of it. A Socialist Premier who refuses to go to the country at the time which most favours his opponents is obviously being unsporting and outraging the feeling of every member of White's Club. And when their feelings are outraged, clubmen cannot be expected to be too squeamish about nice parliamentary proprieties.

But, however persuasive his voice on the wireless, does it really pay Mr. Churchill to adopt these undergraduate tactics? Certainly, if he enlarges his attack, he can bring Parliament to a standstill. So far, obstruction is still limited to putting down Prayers against Orders in Council. Since these Prayers are taken after Government business has been concluded, they keep Labour Members out of bed but are otherwise harmless. But after the Easter recess comes the Finance Bill; and since debate on the committee stage of this measure is unlimited, the opportunities for obstruction will be unlimited too. Indeed, if they wish to do so, the Conservatives could talk so long that the Finance Bill would lapse with the Session and the Government would be left with no authority to pay the Civil Service. As the Irish Nationalists proved fifty years ago, an Opposition, which abuses its rights of criticism and delay, can make our parliamentary system unworkable—or alternatively compel the Government to guillotine still more drastically the freedom of Parliamentary discussion.

On Monday evening, Mr. Ede, on his first big appearance as Leader of the House, rose magnificently to the occasion. If the Tories are really in earnest about parliamentary control of delegated legislation, he said, let them discuss with the Government ways and means of debating Prayers at greater length and at a more convenient time. If they only want to harass the Government, let them realise that Labour can outlast them in these tactics. The challenge was fair, and presented an absent Mr. Churchill with an awkward dilemma, in which Mr. Eden will almost certainly advise him that, under present circumstances, a discreet retreat is the better part of valour.

Already, however, Conservative obstruction has had two important effects. It has jerked the Labour Party, inside and outside Parliament, out of the mood of defeatism into which it fell during the Christmas recess. Doubts about the leadership and conscientious scruples about Korea and Germany have been side-tracked by the whiff of parliamentary grape-shot. The Labour Party is once again a fighting party, and, if Mr. Churchill continues on his present course, it will soon be once more a crusading party, the ranks impatiently urging their leaders into the electoral battle.

The effect on the Liberals has been equally stimulating. They too have been roused by Mr. Churchill. For the first time for many years, Liberalism has a real Liberal cause to fight for: the defence of Parliament against Tory rowdyism. In his attempt to unseat the Government, Mr. Churchill is creating the basis for a Lib-Lab alliance against the Conservatives in the Commons which would have been inconceivable even six weeks ago.

When Labour Members take to their beds, therefore, for the ten-day recess, they can do so in the certainty that their midnight vigils have not been in vain. The chief danger of the present Labour Government was that it would be lulled into a spirit of inter-party co-operation, unduly extend its period of office to two or three years, and so permit the party behind it to die of pernicious anæmia. The political dynamic would swing to the Right, carrying with it the Liberals and the floating vote. In his anxiety to defeat General Time and get back to Downing Street, Mr. Churchill has given both the Labour Government and the Liberal Party an invigorating blood transfusion. Instead of letting them die quietly, he has renewed their vitality and given them a sense of common cause. It would be ungracious not to say "Thank You."

Manœuvring in Paris

Despite all appearances to the contrary, both the Foreign Office and the Quai d'Orsay are still surprisingly hopeful that the Deputies will reach agreement in Paris and that the Foreign Ministers' Conference will take place. This optimism is to some extent confirmed by reports from Bonn, which show that the West German Government is seriously disturbed by what it regards as Dr. Jessup's too conciliatory attitude in Paris. Until recently, Dr. Adenauer was confident that he could rely on the State Department to make sure that the Foreign Ministers never met. The State Department, however, is presumably aware of the disastrous effects in Europe which would follow if the Conference appeared to be frustrated by the Americans; and Dr. Jessup has at least conceded that the demilitarisation of Germany should be placed on the agenda. Discussion now centres on the tactical issue of the framework within which it is to be discussed. Mr. Gromyko still wants to discuss it as a single subject, while Mr. Jessup insists that it can only be debated in connection with East European armaments. Each side, in fact, is manœuvring for an agenda suited to its own political warfare requirements.

Trends in Southern Europe

While the Four-Power talks drag on in Paris, Western diplomacy has brought Signor de Gasperi and Count Sforza, the Italian Foreign Minister, to London; and the British Government has done its gracious best to show these Italian visitors that it means to let bygones be bygones. One principal subject of conversation in these diplomatic exchanges was the question of relations between Italy and Yugoslavia—the British Ministers recommending that Rome should seek its own settlement with Belgrade. Although the simultaneous presence in London of a Yugoslav Parliamentary delegation, under the expert guidance of Mr. Moshe Pijade, is said to have been fortuitous, there is no doubt that Belgrade would welcome bilateral talks with Italy over Trieste. Marshal Tito has, in fact, indignantly denounced the Soviet request that Trieste should be discussed by the four Foreign Ministers. It appears that the Yugoslavs are now ready to abandon their claim to Trieste itself, and would be satisfied with sovereignty over Zone B; but Rome is not prepared to go as far as this. In preliminary conversations between Rome and Belgrade, the Italians have apparently suggested that Yugoslavia should take the inland area of Zone B, leaving Italy the strip of coastline. This, in their turn, the Yugoslavs have rejected.

More "actual" than a settlement in Trieste would appear to be the question of Italo-Yugoslav alignment in the Cold War. On this, Rome has lately made a gesture of sympathy and support to Belgrade through the Italian Minister in Belgrade. There is also the question of Italian rearmament—up to and perhaps beyond the level permitted by the Peace Treaty—and of the significance of the latest Italian Communist move in Italy. This was an important statement by Signor Togliatti, fresh from Moscow, to the effect that the Italian Communist Party would "withdraw our opposition in Parliament and in the country to any Government which radically modifies the foreign policy of Italy."

Further South, the Greeks and Turks are discussing military co-operation—if possible, together with Yugoslavia—and it becomes fairly clear that it is only the Western rein which prevents the "liberating" armies of Athens from marching into Southern Albania (Northern Epirus). The muffled news of bombs and abortive risings in Albania suggests that more is happening there than meets the eye or ear. With Albanian nationalist exiles resident or incarcerated in Yugoslavia and Greece, revolt inside Albania could obviously embroil the whole Balkan peninsula.

Dangers of Success in Korea

It is now clear that General Ridgway has achieved some very solid successes since he reorganised the United Nations forces in Korea. Not only has much ground been gained—the army is now approaching the 38th Parallel—but appalling losses have been inflicted on the Chinese and North Koreans. This victory, however, could prove as disastrous politically as the success of the Inchon landing last autumn. Already General MacArthur has argued that it is militarily impossible to hold the line of the 38th Parallel and is demanding the right to "re-liberate" North Korea. But this time, it is not merely the British Chiefs of Staff who are advising caution and reminding General MacArthur that his successes have been achieved with the aid of an unchallenged air supremacy which would disappear if a fresh approach to the Yalu River brought in Russian aircraft. The Pentagon and the State Department may also have learnt something from experience. This does not mean that another disastrous MacArthur offensive is ruled out, but only that the chances of preventing it are somewhat increased. Let us hope that, this time, Mr. Morrison will show more courage and energy than Mr. Bevin was able to muster on the previous occasion. By forcing a show-down with MacArthur, he will not outrage American opinion but earn the heartfelt gratitude of moderates in the Administration and throughout the United States.

The Persian Crisis

The assassin of General Razmara pulled out the keystone of Persian politics, and the declaration of martial law that has followed the shooting of Dr. Zanganeh serves mainly to emphasise the consequent confusion. Though Husein Ala, who was the Persian spokesman at Lake Success during the 1946 crisis, has been trying to form a stop-gap Cabinet, he has so far found it impossible. Either the eligible candidates fear assassination, or they are unwilling to commit themselves at this stage. While the Government flounders, its opponents are making the most of their chance, and demonstrations both by the Islamic Nationalists and by Tudeh supporters have occurred on a larger scale than for a long time—a development that has produced the angry resignation of General Daftari, the Chief of Police, in protest against the Government's failure to take a strong line against this agitation.

Meanwhile, the Majlis has declared in principle for the nationalisation of the oil industry—a decision far more easy to make in principle than to make effective. Quite apart from the strong objections that Britain will offer to a unilateral repudiation of the agreement between Persia and Anglo-Iranian, there is no guarantee that the Majlis will not change its mind, or at least permit long drawn out negotiations. Persian politicians are past masters at procrastination and the double-cross where leases and concessions are concerned.

The Persians have every right to nationalise their own oil and to revise existing contracts on fair terms. But Britain needs a policy in the Middle East instead of the present series of expedients. The Persians have not been slow to draw the obvious conclusion. The Haifa pipeline is blocked by the Iraqis—and Britain compensates them for the loss of revenue. Egypt blockades Haifa by closing the Suez Canal to tankers—and Britain makes a generous settlement on sterling balances. It would be foolish of the Persians not to try the same tactics, in the hope of a similar appeasing award. The attempt to buy the loyalty of the Arab nations may yet prove both expensive and ineffective.

Gambling and Politics

Senator Kefauver's Crime Investigation Committee, having drawn the coverts of vice in the Middle West, has now turned its attention to New York and to the man alleged to be the real ruler of the American underworld, Frank Costello. Once again, the Senate Committee has run into familiar difficulties: the smaller fry, out of fear or loyalty, make poor witnesses, and the big fry prefer to risk short prison terms on contempt charges rather than reveal the real character and extent of their operations. Until now, every attempt to pin down Costello has failed, for he carefully cultivates the role of gambler turned respectable business man. But Senator Kefauver's Committee has manœuvred him into a corner; his refusal to answer questions has brought him a contempt citation, and the Committee's investigators have unearthed irregularities in his naturalisation papers which make him liable to deportation.

Costello's power has long been a by-word. He is reputed to be the national arbiter of gang feuds, to allocate territories to gambling operators and, the most difficult charge to prove, to be a key figure in New York politics. Costello, it is said, was the man who mattered behind Tammany Hall, who could make and unmake ambitious politicians, and arrange the necessary "protection" for racketeers of whom he approved. Such allegations, which became common currency in the New York mayoralty elections last autumn, when an internecine warfare in Tammany put the believed "reformer," Mr. Impelliteri, into City Hall, have been given substance by testimony already given before the Senate Committee. No one doubts that huge sums flow, in New York and other big cities, from criminals to the police and political machines. The figure of $250,000 a week has been mentioned for Brooklyn alone. The problem has been to prove this to the point where indictments can be handed down, not against the lowly policeman who takes his cut from the bookmaker's runner, but against the men who control the gambling syndicates.

But this Committee has made real and laudable progress. It is now interviewing former Mayor O'Dwyer, who resigned to become Ambassador to Mexico just before the New York police scandal broke last year. There have been many rumours about the relations between O'Dwyer and Costello; the hearing will give Mr. O'Dwyer an opportunity to put the record straight. It may, however, draw in Governor Dewey himself. His State Police have failed to act against the gambling syndicates in Saratoga, and the evidence certainly implies that the "protection" was bought by contributions to Republican funds.

It is an unpleasant picture that is drawn by this investigation, but it is not a new one. The underworld and politics have long overlapped in large American cities. The present investigation cannot hope to destroy that connection, but the publicity serves two purposes. It harasses the criminals sufficiently to make them more cautious, and it provides a healthy education for a public which has shown its distaste for "bosses" and corrupt political machines.

Knockshinnoch Findings

The miners of Knockshinnoch colliery recently passed a resolution that there should be no return to work until certain officials, who had been responsible for the management of the pit last December, when the disastrous influx of peat occurred, had been replaced. The Report by the Chief Inspector of Mines, now published (Cmd. 8180, price 2*s.* 6*d.*) is more judicial in its findings ; but it observes that much was "odd" in the conduct of affairs, that the lack of certain precautionary measures were "a pity," and that much of the evidence at the inquiry was "strange."

Sir Andrew Bryan finds that "a proper examination of the nature of the ground was not made by the colliery management or by the planning engineers" ; and that, "although the deposit of peat was marked on the geological map of the district, and this had been consulted in the planning department, the symbol indicating peat had been overlooked." He finds that "there was a weakness in organisation, in that insufficient arrangements were made to ensure that the planning engineers were kept adequately informed of subsequent changes disclosed by the progress of the workings." He declares that, in his opinion and subject to legal interpretation, there was a contravention of Regulation 29, which governs working under peat, moss or other liquid matter. In the House of Commons, on Tuesday, Mr. Noel-Baker said that he was considering, in consultation with the Lord Advocate, the question whether a case for legal action arose.

Having paid tribute to the brilliant improvisation and high courage—notably the incomparable gallantry of Mr. David Park—that made possible the greatest mine rescue in the history of British coal, the Report concludes with a number of important recommendations, some of which the N.C.B. has already adopted. Among these are that geological maps should be provided in every manager's office ; that there should be new stringent regulations for examining both ground and intervening strata when workings are approaching the surface ; that, when practicable, an alternative escape roadway should be provided to any adjacent mine ; and that there should be provision of some lightweight self-contained breathing apparatus to be kept at all central rescue stations.

This last suggestion seems hardly to go far enough : the disastrous fire at Creswell, which asphyxiated 55 miners, surely proved that breathing apparatus is essential at strategic points *underground*. One further recommendation, however, which is made by Sir Andrew and which supports views repeatedly expressed in this journal, should be taken to heart by the Ministry of Fuel and Power. The Report advises that "in the N.C.B. organisation the status and responsibility of all planning engineers, planners and surveyors at all levels should be clearly defined in relation to those of colliery Agents and managers." This would seem to be a clear implicit criticism of the present reduplication of N.C.B. officials and the weaknesses in the chain of command and responsibility which are their result.

The United States and Morocco

A Correspondent writes : Action against the Istiqlal Nationalists has mobilised anti-Colonial sentiment not only in Morocco but throughout the Arab world. Even in distant Pakistan, students of Lahore have shouted their anger against "French aggression" in Morocco—by which they meant, presumably, General Juin's plain threat to depose the Sultan if this by no means revolutionary potentate (though presumed to be "above parties") would not denounce the Istiqlal. The Egyptian Foreign Minister, with a rhetoric which would be laughable in other circumstances, has told the Egyptian Parliament that his Government "feels that it is its duty to take action to safeguard freedom and justice in Morocco," though what effective action the present or any comparable Egyptian Government could take outside its own frontiers is hard to imagine. More serious, the Council of Ulemas of El Azhar University, which carries great weight in the Muslim world, has decided to call for a world-wide boycott by Muslims of all French goods, if the French persist in their "aggressive acts in Morocco." And now the Arab League, watching its opportunity, has sent a Note to the French Government urging independence for Morocco, and letting it be known that the Arab States will otherwise raise the matter at Lake Success.

Yet what reveals the real weakness of the French position in Morocco is the direct intervention of the U.S. State Department. Washington has appealed *to both sides* in Morocco to "show moderation." Perhaps nothing of late years has more clearly illustrated the subordinate status of the French Government in the general pattern of Western strategy. Having established the right to build important air bases in Morocco, the Americans, understandably enough, have a direct interest in placating the Istiqlal. Whatever might happen to metropolitan France in the event of war, Washington would like to remain sure of the North African littoral. By playing off local independence movements in the Mediterranean area against the metropolitan countries, the Americans presumably count on assuring themselves an unassailable position there. An air base is to be established in Cyprus. If the Cypriot movement for "union with Greece" were to make "law and order" on the island dependent on American support for their claims, could the British Government rely on Washington's loyalty ? Or would London be asked to "show moderation" ?

In the Moroccan case it is King Abdullah of Jordan, always the clever politician, who has best seized the point : in a telegram to President Truman he has now called for the President's early intervention with the French Government "with the aim of influencing it to effect a change in the harsh policy which it is following" in Morocco.

PARLIAMENT : Targets and Tactics

Tuesday

So the Tory plan has misfired. Churchill followed Boothby in declaring Tory intentions "to make the Government sit up night and day until they get hysterical." So far, however, casualties have been registered, not among the Government benches, but among the household staff and Mr. Speaker, among the Tories themselves and their industrial supporters. These last, at least, could not have been intended targets.

Hysteria has boomeranged past the Government and split the Opposition. The spate of complaints of privilege and the heated rages at Question Time give thermometer readings of high political tension on both sides. Yet it is the Opposition that shows signs of the greater strain. Attlee and Ede seem unruffled, even after all-night sittings. Churchill and Eden rumble and flutter, even after nights in bed; though perhaps from mutual irritation with each other rather than with the common enemy. Rumour has it that Eden agrees with the Liberals that Churchill's tactics are childish and unseemly.

Such Tory lieutenants as follow the Leader find even a solitary night watch wearing to the nerves. Rab Butler has the reputation of such frigor that he could not perspire in a bath. On Thursday night the ice cracked from the strain of listening too long to his own back benchers. Following Lennox-Boyd's earlier attack, Butler also fell into evil ways. Forsaking calm, he made a vigorous onslaught on the Speaker, who had mistakenly given a wrong result to a vote and then corrected it.

Traditionally, Mr. Speaker is regarded as above criticism. Certainly, for very many years, no Speaker has been subjected to such discourtesy as that with which the present Speaker has been faced during the past three weeks. That the *Conservatives* should now so blatantly break tradition is the measure of the frustration of their efforts to break the Government. It is a new principle in British politics: if you cannot score a goal, shoot the referee.

The initiative, meanwhile, has passed to the Government. In the Chamber, as soon as a Prayer to annul a regulation is begun, Labour members troop out, leaving the benches bare on their side of the Chamber, save for the replying Ministers. Since the Speaker agrees that a great deal of nonsense is spoken, there is no point in staying to hear it. In the face of Crookshank's querulous protests and Herbert Williams' wearisome windiness, the Labour benches remained obstinately empty.

Out of the Chamber, they trooped into rooms normally the preserve of the Tory reserves. There, for once, Tories sat uncomfortably in tight little islands set in an uproarious Labour sea. Merry topical limericks, pinpricking Tory pomposity, added embarrassment to discomfort. Ridicule is also a weapon, whose blows echoed later in the Chamber. Nothing could have succeeded better than this policy has done in restoring Labour spirits and solidarity. Churchill's maladroit genius is still Labour's greatest single asset.

On Monday night, Chuter Ede ended the interlude. Its effect, he said, could only be to discredit Parliament. In the past, such tactics had always led to limitation of Parliament's privileges. The Government had power to alter the Standing Orders of the House to prevent abuse. The Opposition would be wise to discuss with the Government how Prayers could *properly* be debated. On Tuesday, Harold Wilson announced the end of negotiations with Trade Associations, "since there was no guarantee that agreed regulations could get past an obstructing Opposition."

Altogether, it has not been a successful campaign by Mr. Churchill. Trench warfare has had to follow *Blitzkrieg* into limbo. And so far the secret weapon of a successful Opposition has eluded him. Yet he may learn one lesson—old sea-dog though he is—that nothing fails like excess.

Tom Williams

Britain's Dilemma

THERE is a natural tendency among those who regard large-scale rearmament as a political necessity to under-estimate its economic effects. Their line is to argue that, as a proportion of total national income, the projected increases in Defence expenditure are not so vast after all, and can be met without a very sharp fall in the *average* standard of living—at any rate provided that the international economic factors do not work out too badly and wage demands are restrained at a level which will roughly compensate for retail price increases that have already occurred. These optimistic calculations are usually based on short views of 1951–52. It would be much harder to make them look plausible if account were taken of the contemplated rate of increases in Defence expenditure over the next few years, or of the probable consequences of continued expansion of similar expenditure—and of stockpiling—in the United States, or of the difficulty of holding down wage demands if rationing by the purse is allowed to become the main instrument for bringing about the required fall in total consumption.

The optimists are arguing that Great Britain, having achieved last year a substantial surplus on international account, can now afford both to reduce the volume of exports and to charge more for them. It is contended that the sharp increase in the prices we are paying for imported materials has also increased the purchasing power of the countries to which our goods are sent. But, questions of expediency apart, it is exceedingly doubtful whether we can raise our export prices faster than our import prices continue to rise. The factors which have driven up the prices of many materials sensationally over the past year do not seem likely to be checked effectively by any measures that have yet been set on foot. No doubt we shall have to raise our export prices and to allow the volume of exports to fall off, both because our costs will continue to rise and because of diversion of productive resources to armaments. But is there any reason to suppose that most of the export surplus of 1950 will not be swallowed up by a further deterioration in the terms of trade? At best, we can hardly hope to do more than hold the existing ratio of import and export prices at lower levels of quantity on both sides of the account.

There is a further point: the first instalments of interest and capital repayment on the American and Canadian loans fall due this year. We can ask for a waiver, under the agreements, of payments of interest, but not of capital repayments. But, if we do ask, shall we be let off the interest, except on onerous conditions? Under the agreements we are pledged to reducing our payments out of sterling balances as a concomitant of not meeting the loan charges. Can we afford to do this, at the expense of India and our other creditors? Can we persuade the U.S. that these reserves belong, not to us, but to the sterling area as a whole, and are still too small to meet its needs? They are apt to retort with accusations that, in tin and rubber, we have been profiting at their expense and need a lesson in commercial morality.

The debt charge, to be sure, including interest, which accounts for not far short of two-thirds of the total, comes only to 138 million U.S. dollars, *plus* nearly 38 million Canadian dollars—a small matter in comparison with the amount which the worsened terms of trade have already cost us. It is an additional burden, of which the Chancellor will need to take account. The main calculation, however, has to be made in terms of the contemplated direct additional expenditure on armaments and on capital construction for making them—and of the increasing cost of imports of almost every sort. These can be put, roughly, at £500 million for direct Defence costs, *plus* up to £100 million for capital costs, and at £300 million at the very least—and possibly much more—for higher cost of imports. Call it £900 million, at a low estimate, with more to come next year and the year after that.

In 1950, our production is reckoned to have risen by no less than 8 per cent, or £700 million at the current prices. If we could keep this up, we should be a long way on towards finding the resources to foot the arms bill without a sharp fall in consumption. But not even the most optimistic forecaster expects this. Material shortages, the need to shift our resources to arms-making and to switch the export drive, and labour difficulties will all make for a slackening in the rate of productivity. Mr. Gaitskell has estimated that production may be 4 per cent higher in 1951 than in 1950. Let us hope he is right; but, even if he is, there will be a formidable gap between supply and what is needed to maintain living standards as well as to rearm.

If arms have priority, this gap means a fall in total consumption, which cannot be much cushioned by cutting down home investment. The sharply rising prices of materials and the recent wage-increases have not yet had time to produce more than a small part of their effect on the prices of goods in the shops. The higher cost of imports means either much bigger subsidies, or a sharp increase in the cost of living. The latter will not only cancel the wage-advances recently given, but will hit hard all those who live on fixed incomes, from old age pensioners to small rentiers. It will antagonise most of the middle-class voters and at the same time set the workers clamouring for higher wages. Yet, if the Chancellor increases subsidies on necessary goods, pensions and other social service payments, and tax allowances to the recipients of the lower incomes, his budgeting problem will become quite insoluble within the limits imposed by the present position of parties in Parliament and in the country. It seems clear that what the Chancellor intends is to allow the rise in costs to be passed on in higher prices, and that the policy of the Government as a whole is to allow rationing by the purse to become the principal means of compressing consumption within the required limits—perhaps with some compassionate concessions to old age pensioners and some secondary adjustments in the incidence of income tax.

Indeed, what else can he do, if the full burden of rearmament on the contemplated scale has to be met? He can console himself that, for this one year, he may be able to tide over, by running down the overseas balance and damping down investment where he can. But next year, with the barrel scraped and much higher charges for arms to be met, where will he be—even if British workers prove to be highly accommodating about lower standards of living, and the Americans refrain from hamstringing our industries by swallowing up all the available world supplies of raw materials, regardless of the effects on their allies? It is arguable that, for Labour, the shortest view is the best, because the Tories will probably have to face the problem in a year's time. But the economist, if not the politician, has to ask what we are heading for; and we fancy the plain man and his wife will soon ask too, as they discover what rearmament means in terms of their standard of life.

For in this matter of rearmament, we and the French are quite differently situated from both the Americans and the Russians. The Americans at present enjoy the highest rate of personal expenditure in the world; it can be reduced without great hardship. For Russia rearmament must be at the cost of forgoing the planned betterment in their much lower living standard; but they can easily spare the man-power. That is, both nations can spend immense sums on arms and armed man-power at the cost of no more than a reduced rate of improvement in their ability to consume. But for us, and for the French, large-scale rearmament is bound to mean an actual fall in consumption, the adverse social effects of which can be minimised only if strong measures are taken to ensure a fair distribution of the restricted supplies. These strong measures can be taken only by a strong democratic Government, able and ready to stand up to vigorous opposition from the rich, masquerading as the friends of "economic freedom" and supported by influential groups in America on this account. Failing something like a siege economy, intensive rearmament, under British or French conditions, means squeezing the real incomes of all the less wealthy classes, including the workers, and means that, if the workers are strong enough to revolt and insist on higher wages, the consequence is likely to be an inflationary spiral in which the fixed-income classes will be faced with ruin.

This is our dilemma, which does not face either the Russians or the Americans, and of which the Americans find it difficult to appreciate the reality. That we are faced with this dilemma is not the main reason for seeking to avoid war, for there are reasons much more urgent. It is, however, a good reason for looking askance at those whose strategy for avoiding war involves an indefinite prolongation and intensification of such disastrous conditions—not least because they may do much more to weaken our power of resistance than any addition to our armaments can offset.

Pattern in Paris

As I write, all public transport in Paris is at a standstill. On Friday morning, the buses and underground trains stopped running, and thousands had to walk to and from their work. The emergency lorries provided by the Government caused more confusion than relief. Not even in the most "anti-Red" papers have I seen it suggested that the strike movement is a Communist plot. No doubt, many papers are saying that the demands made by the strikers are "unreasonable"—they want an all-round increase of about £6 a month—but everybody has to agree that at the back of it all is the rapid rise in the cost of living. All the trade unions—Communist, Catholic and Socialist—are supporting the strike, save for one "autonomous" union, whose background is somewhat obscure.

The Queuille Government, standing on its dignity, was in no hurry to discuss terms with the trade unions, and merely threatened to "requisition" the workers. More constructive proposals, like those made by *Franc-Tireur*, that the question of public transport will never be solved without State subsidies, are not, so far, looked upon with favour by the Government. Widely accused of "*immobilisme*," the Government seems in a nervous and jumpy state. Nothing else would explain the extraordinary happenings in the Latin Quarter on Thursday, when the undergraduates called a "strike" to protest against the reduction, by the Government, of the students' social insurance grant by £300,000. In the afternoon, crying nothing more seditious than "*Des Sanas!*" (*i.e.*, "We want sanatoria"), the students demonstrated in the Boulevard St. Michel and the Rue Soufflot. Harmless enough, it would seem. But the police pounced on them as though they were about to set fire to the Elysée. Several youngsters were thrown to the ground, and kicked and beaten up; and when, later, a students' delegation went to protest to the Minister of Education—the very Socialist M. Lapie—they were not only not received, but were arrested on the spot and dragged off to the police station. It all makes very little sense. Ought a Paris undergraduate to have less chance of being properly treated for T.B., just because more money is needed for rearmament? There is no satisfactory answer—but there it is; and it is tragically typical of the widespread discontent existing in France to-day as a result of a rearmament drive in whose virtues few, at heart, believe.

Meantime the Queuille Government has made at least a little progress with electoral reform; after endless negotiations behind the scenes, the Assembly has at last agreed, by a narrow majority, on a system almost entirely new to France. It is a single-vote system, under which the party—and presumably, though this point has not yet been definitely settled, any "alliance" of parties—at the head of the poll will be greatly favoured at the expense of the others, even if these poll only a slightly smaller number of votes. Thus, in a Department returning six Deputies, the party receiving 51 per cent. of the votes will get all the six seats, whereas under the old system it would have got only three—its three (almost equal) competitors, getting one seat each.

Where there is an alliance, or *apparentement*, this is how the system would work in a Department entitled to, say 10 Deputies. Suppose the poll were: M.R.P., 130,000 votes; Socialists (allied to the M.R.P.), 113,000 votes; Communists, 110,000 votes; Gaullists 95,000 votes. The M.R.P. and the Socialists would get five seats each, and the Communists and Gaullists none. Under the present system, the first two parties would have got 3, and the last two, 2 seats each. Where there is no absolute majority, for either a single party or an alliance of parties, P.R. will be applied.

Some clarity has been introduced into the situation by de Gaulle's announcement that the Gaullists would enter no electoral alliance of any sort, and also by the Radicals' decision prohibiting "bigamy" amongst its members—that is, the possibility of belonging to *both* the Radical Party and the Gaullist "movement." However, the electoral question has not yet been finally settled—far from it. It still has to go to the Senate, whose first reactions to the Bill, as passed by the Assembly, have been hostile. Even so, it is expected that it will be possible to hold the election in June; and one of the great objects of the reform will, no doubt, be achieved. It should reduce the Communist representation from over 170 Deputies to (probably) 70 or 80, to begin with. De Gaulle, for his part, while claiming that the new Bill is unfavourable to the Gaullists, still thinks that there will be enough Gaullist Deputies in the new Parliament to play a "decisive" part.

Meanwhile, there is much fatalism and inertia in France, where the radio, even more than the press, is drawing over-simple diagrams of the world, divided into a "democratic" pro-American half and a "barbarous" pro-Soviet half. Yet large sections of thinking Frenchmen refuse to accept this crude picture of the world. There are still groups of intellectuals who try to make a truly profound analysis of the present world situation, and are not put off by the official clamour for conformism. One such group is the progressive Catholic group of *Esprit*, whose March issue, composed of a dozen articles by J. W. Lapierre, J. M. Domenach and other disciples of the late Emmanual Mounier, is the most penetrating analysis I know of the present world crisis. *Esprit* has always been hostile to colonialism, as well as to "the civilisation of *Reader's Digest*," and refuses to be "anti-Communist for anti-Communism's sake." While condemning Russia's police methods, it thinks highly of its economic system and even of its "liberating" role in Asia.

It develops in this March issue a phrase Mounier wrote shortly before his death a year ago: *Deux camps, c'est la guerre déjà présente et la vie déjà immobilisée.* The West, according to *Esprit*, is as much to blame as the East for deliberately *not wanting* to understand the other side, and to see its point of view. When the Russians have a strong case—e.g., on the question of German rearmament—it is ignored by the West, simply *because* it is a Russian case, and *must* therefore be wrong. In general, *Esprit* inclines towards neutralism, though, in so doing, it does not underrate its great economic difficulties ("a neutralist France can only be one of great courage, self-discipline and austerity"), nor is it sure that a neutralist France is feasible without, at the same time, a neutralist Germany. But, at all events, France's continued adherence to the Atlantic Pact means that, wherever the war starts, France will *automatically* become a battlefield.

Esprit also argues that the Atlantic Pact puts before France a deadly choice: the only alternative to war is a kind of *status quo* in which, spiritually, France will be deadened. Under an increasingly reactionary regime it will have to become more and more conformist in its pro-Americanism, and all generous French ideas, like the liberation of colonial peoples, will have to be sacrificed, as in Indo-China, to American strategic considerations. In short, *Esprit* refuses to identify social and human progress and the European humanist tradition with the "American way of life." It hopes that, eventually, a change of mentality will come *inside* America itself, but that meantime, Britain will voice her doubts and mental reservations more frankly than she has done so far, and than any French Government has had the pluck to do. Only Britain and France can, in the last analysis, assure some measure of peaceful co-existence between America and Russia; but there is not much time to lose.

Paris, March. ALEXANDER WERTH

London Diary

On March 10, *Le Monde* published a remarkable despatch by its Far Eastern correspondent, Charles Favrel; it included the text of an article by an American journalist named Robert Allen, which had appeared in the English edition of a Japanese paper called *Mainichi*. Robert Allen, I learn, is an American who was once the colleague of Drew Pearson in his column "Washington Merry-Go-Round." Allen is said to be close to MacArthur; in any case the statements in his *Mainichi* article would not have been printed there if MacArthur had been likely to disapprove. Mr. Allen said that preparations for an invasion of the Chinese mainland are in hand; that Chinese Nationalist forces in Formosa are to be used to establish a "second front" with the assistance of the U.S. Navy and Air Force, under the command of Admiral Roscoe Hillenkoetter, formerly head of the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency; that an anti-Communist resistance movement is "to be organised, armed and substantially helped" and a naval "bridge" established for the landing on the Chinese mainland of 300,000 men. He says that Britain, France and several other countries have been informed of these projected operations and that there is no harm in talking about them, since the Chinese must certainly know about them by now. Favrel adds to this menacing story that MacArthur had come to an agreement on some such operation when he paid his visit to Chiang Kai-shek in Formosa last July, and that the U.N. Resolution branding China as an aggressor has now cleared the way for him. The day after the publication of Allen's article in Japan (February 5), MacArthur reported to the Senate, asking for permission to use Kuomintang troops. Foster Dulles also went to Japan to discuss a peace treaty: he reached an agreement with Yoshida, the Prime Minister, on Japanese rearmament. If Favrel is right, 75,000 Japanese "policemen," recently "re-equipped," are to be the cadre of a projected invading force of 300,000 men who at the proper time are to follow up the initial landing. His concluding words are ominous: "It will be said that M. Pleven returned from the United States with a declaration that both Truman and Marshall had told him that they were opposed to any form of preventive war. That is irrelevant. In this instance there is no question of 'preventive war': China has been declared an aggressor."

* * *

Is one to take this merely as propaganda, part of a war of nerves against the Chinese? That is what one might assume were it not that MacArthur's desire to organise a full-scale war on the Chinese mainland is notorious; indeed he was talking about it long before the Korean war began. Letters from British business men in China prophesying this invasion from Formosa have reached me for some months. If we take this threatened offensive seriously, the time for British people of all shades of opinion to speak clearly is now, for our Government will need all possible support if it is to maintain its stand against the policy of spreading the war.

* * *

It seemed at the time that nothing could be more extreme than the South African Suppression of Communism Act. But the account in the *Cape Times* (February 15) of the Bill to amend this Act has that quality of caricature which one associated with the Hitler regime. When Hitler declared it was sub-human to be a Jew, most Western people gasped. "They will be saying anyone's a Jew who had a grandmother who was not wholly Aryan," we said, and then, before we had left off laughing, Hitler had turned the jest into reality. So it is now in the case of Communism in South Africa. "Soon they'll be making anyone a Communist whom anyone thinks a Communist!" we said, with that biting sarcasm for which British journalists are so justly famous. And so it is before the words are out of our mouths. Under this amendment, you cannot libel anybody by calling him Communist if he is "deemed" to be one. Again, under the Act, any periodical which serves "mainly" as a means of propagating Communist views can be suppressed. The amendment makes the threat apply to any periodical that serves Communist purposes "amongst other things"—which means, I suppose, that to publish a letter which may be thought by someone to be likely to please the Communists, is to risk suppression. And so the fantastic parody of law continues until we come to the final monstrosity that "all these changes in the law shall be deemed to have come into operation in July, 1950"! In short, you can be deprived of your seat in Parliament, libelled, suppressed and, ultimately, I suppose, bumped off for having done in the past things that were not illegal when you did them but which will be so in the future.

Since I've never known a more modest man of creative talent than Frank Horrabin, I think it is a bit hard when (in this and other journals) commentators remark on the success of the TV programme called "International Commentary" without mentioning that he was its inventor. I remember once appearing on this programme and admiring the skill with which he and his collaborator (who afterwards became his wife) found ways of making difficult subjects clear through the use of maps and blackboard. They invented a TV educational technique. Frank is the last person to grudge praise to others, but since it is only bad health that prevents him continuing to preside over this programme that he invented, it seems churlish to forget that the inventor of Japhet and Dot and Carrie is also a most distinguished broadcaster!

* * *

A friend who watched the pilgrimage to Ayot St. Lawrence, the first week-end "Shaw Corner" belonged to the nation, has given me a picture of mixed curiosity, devotion and discomfort—particularly for the car-less pilgrims who found themselves dropped by a local bus four miles away. As it rained cats and dogs, most of the visitors lingered in the house, listening three or four times over to the monologue of Mrs. Laden, G.B.S.'s faithful and energetic housekeeper for the last ten years. As an improvised curator she did well, but she had a tussle with a Frenchman in the crowd. He joined each new group in the sitting-room, lying in wait for Mrs. Laden to say: "Here is the bust by *Rodeen*"—and interjecting: "Non, *Rodin*." This linguistic match lasted for more than an hour with no results whatsoever.

Everybody looked for the music scores, but they were not on view. The paintings on the wall were another matter for surprise. Personally fond of photography, Shaw became rather insensitive to pictorial art. Art students in the first crowd searched in vain for a single painting or drawing of value in the whole house—except, of course, Augustus John's fine portrait in the dining-room. G.B.S., the neat genius, the meticulous mind, came off better during this visit. His desk, just at it was, the waste-paper basket where he put his rubbish, the carpet where he would throw all the letters and collect them as he walked out—these details fascinated the visitors.

* * *

For me, Ayot St. Lawrence recalls a whole series of Shavian incidents—of G.B.S. when, towards the end of his life, his legs began to fail him, coming up the garden from his workroom and, unconscious that anyone was looking, doing a little run to take him up the grass verge near the house; his obvious pleasure that he had managed it; and his annoyance that, for the first time, anything had impaired the physical perfection which was really his only vanity. Again, I recall him, at 90-odd, standing in the road to say good-bye, and remarking: "When my wife was alive, she always made me go to bed at 10 o'clock for the sake of my health. Since her death, I stay up till twelve, or even later, and have never been so well in my life." Then he burst into a snatch of opera and broke off to say: "My voice is no penny-whistle yet."

CRITIC

RUBAIYAT OF PERSIAN OIL

[The nationalisation of the oil industry would be a most beautiful New Year gift.—*Ferdowsi*, Tehran.]

Now the New Year wakes Persia's oil desires,
At once Fadayian Islam loads and fires,
And high excitement rages in Tehran,
Till Britain from the Persian Gulf retires.

"Lo!" cries Tehran, "the Oil is ours, not theirs,
No infidel shall hold controlling shares,
Behold, the Majlis rises in its wrath
And thus the Oil-pact into pieces tears."

But Britain, pouring Oil the waves to calm,
Cries "Gently, Brother" to incensed Islam,
"Anglo-Iranian still must prime the Pump,
And still its oil shall grease the Persian palm.

"Indeed, indeed, your share shall be increased
From wells that lubricate the Middle East,
But lawfully you cannot confiscate
That which for half a century you leased.

"What if the Persian Parliament conspire
Anglo-Iranian fields to seize entire,
The Pact expires no sooner for all that,
Though all your Premiers, one by one, expire.

"What else excepting Oil have you to sell?
And if your benefactors you expel,
Who have reclaimed your Oil-well from the waste,
What can you do alone but waste the Well?

"Alas that our concessions you oppose,
That Persia's oily Manuscript should close;
Lo, in Arabia will it not be said,
Persia, to spite her face, cuts off her nose?"

* * * *

The trigger Finger shoots, and having shot,
Shoots on, and puts the Premiers on the spot
And all the Oil on troubled water poured
But feeds the Flame that boils the Persian Pot.

And still the Persian Pot will overboil
Till infidels have left Iranian soil.
"Behold!" cries Tehran, "for a New Year gift,
Persia will give to Persia Persian Oil!"

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

An indignant woman with high-ranking naval connections established herself in Colchester High Street last week to enlist support for a protest against the Atlantic Admiral affair. . . . A policeman took some interest and wanted to know what she was about. When she told him he replied: "Oh, that's all right. As long as it's not peace," and went on his way.—*The Recorder*. (B. Currie.)

"Since the war the flea position has been getting steadily worse. I blame the vacuum cleaners and 'new-fangled' disinfectants."—*Daily Telegraph*. (J. H. Halse.)

P——, who pleaded guilty, was remanded in custody pending decision about sending him to Borstal or to the Argentine.—*The Star*. (F. W. Crawley.)

Football is well worth the small amount of fuel used because it requires loyalty on the part of club supporters, and if a man is loyal to his club, he is apt to become loyal to his wife, his boss and his country.—Letter in ***Birmingham Mail***. (John Stone.)

The Six Counties

I.—MEN AND JOBS.

In January, 1951, there was a strike of engineering workers at a Londonderry factory. The firm, making envelopes and also making its own machines, was on the point of closing down and selling the machines. The workers refused to dismantle them or let them be loaded on the lorries which waited to take them away from the town. Only when the alarmed Government at Stormont persuaded another firm to move to Londonderry and absorb the dismissed workers did they agree to let the envelope-makers depart in peace. Their action was reminiscent of events described not long ago in reports to this journal from Italy. There is more than a passing resemblance between the ports of Genoa and Londonderry; more than a tinge of *trahison du patronat* in the behaviour of Ulster employers—not to mention the "benevolent" Government that protects them.

Figures of employment in Londonderry, where seven thousand women are employed in shirt factories, disguise the level of unemployment among the men. To-day, 3,700 men are out of work—at least a fifth of those employable. The women's wages, though well up to what is usual in Ireland, were never meant to support families in which the wife or daughter is the only breadwinner. The shipyards, moved to the Foyle in wartime, have returned to Belfast. The activity at the port is rather better than in the 1930's, half that of wartime, and barely two-thirds that of 1905, a normal year before Partition had cut Londonderry off from its hinterland. A division between cross-channel traffic (*i.e.*, to Britain), which is in a fairly healthy state, and other trade, which stands at half the 1938 level, or one-sixth of the wartime figure boosted by American supplies, is reflected in bitter jealousy among the dockers. Their employment is casual, so cross-channel gangs earn good money while the other men scramble for two days' work a week. Despite the new social services, there is bitter poverty in Londonderry, and emigration is steady. Engineers, labourers, and building workers draw the dole as they have drawn it, on and off, all their lives.

The town needs new industries. But the new industries do not come; or, if they come, they stay as long as the envelope factory. Small wonder that, in this storm centre of sectarian hatreds, the unemployed—overwhelmingly Catholic and Nationalist—feel that Stormont has no intention of bringing jobs to a city where the tenuous political control by the Tories can only be strengthened by preference in employment for the Protestant minority and enforced emigration for the majority.

Much has been written about new industries in Northern Ireland. Memories of the depression and the continuing unemployment of to-day show how badly they are needed. The Six Counties depend on agriculture, linen (a luxury export line), and shipbuilding—the two latter at the mercy of the world market. Diversification, then, is the catchword of the hour; and nowhere is it mouthed more reverently than at Stormont.

Except at Londonderry, much has been done. It would be surprising if it were otherwise, for the Government offers lavish inducements to the British entrepreneur desirous of starting a factory in Ulster—grants, cheap leases on plant, drastic reductions in rent and rates over five years, and the comforting slogan: "the maximum of assistance with the minimum of interference." Some managements have made easy profits out of this governmental benevolence. Such cases apart, Courtaulds have opened a modern rayon factory at Carrickfergus, the British Tabulating Company is at Belfast, Nestlé's Milk has three factories in different places, and other new industries range from optical equipment to shoes and from gas stoves to carpets. The new employment is fluctuating, but it must have reached 20,000. How, then, does it come about that unemployment, so far from declining, has risen since the war from 17,000 to 33,000?

First, in this artificial country, whose very existence is hoped or feared on all sides to be temporary, statistics are weapons of political warfare. Nobody knows how many new industries there are. Within a year, three authoritative statements — by the Prime Minister, the official Progress Report, and the Minister of Commerce—gave the number of factories as 130, 197 and 88. In March, 1949, the King's Speech referred to "two hundred new industries." A Labour member asked where they were and was told that a list would be circulated. It was, but it proved to contain 145 names, of which 45 were expansions. And industry can claim any transfer of plant as an expansion.

Secondly, old industries often close down; and this very fact is an inducement to a new firm to take over the building, the labour force, and sometimes the machinery. Last year a paper mill was sold up, throwing six hundred workers out of their jobs; a precision engineering firm moved in, employing two hundred. This was duly listed as a new industry.

Thirdly, some new enterprises were short-lived. Stormont says that only twelve new industries have closed their doors, but trade unionists name more that spent their grants and closed. Then, some British employers evidently came with the idea that the Six Counties are a pool of cheap labour. Government spokesmen deny having said anything like this; every employer knows, they point out, that nationally negotiated wage agreements cover the United Kingdom, sometimes with a small differential. Trade unionists reply that they have had to take most of the new industries to arbitration to get these agreements honoured, and that one managing director, justifying his recalcitrance, said he had been told by the Ministry not to pay rates which would "disrupt the traditional wage structure." Besides this, very few of the workers taken on by new factories come from the ranks of the unemployed. While people who have never before seen the inside of a factory are signing on to make toys or cardboard boxes, the Belfast shipyards have just paid off three thousand skilled men. True, most of them will be at work again when the new (rearmament) programme starts this summer; but, as this programme consists largely of tanker construction, many carpenters and electricians will still be unemployed.

In particular, the new factories employ a high percentage of female labour—enough to have caused a labour shortage in the linen mills. What is this percentage? Forty, says the Government Press Office; fifty, said a member of the New Industries Advisory Commission; eighty, some trade union leaders estimated. Finally, since agricultural wages are so low—the minimum, which is often a maximum too, varying by counties from 83*s.* to 95*s.*—the new industries draw heavily on the rural areas, causing there a depopulation whose dangers I shall sketch in a second article.

Regarded as steps toward diversification, the new industries have definite value, though there is a long way to go before the Six Counties have a balanced or slump-defying economy. Regarded as a solution to the unemployment problem, they are a mere façade for *laissez faire*. So long as the Tory regime continues neither to assist nor to interfere with the basic industries, unemployment will continue.

MERVYN JONES

Partisans in Revolt

When I talked to Valdo Magnani and Aldo Cucchi, a few days after they resigned from the Italian Communist Party, they were still in the dazed condition in which their resignation had inevitably left them after fourteen years of loyal and active Party membership. They said that it would take them some time to get over the intense psychological shock, and to recondition their minds to independent thinking. They are both young men, who joined the party in their early twenties, in 1936. Both had distinguished Partisan careers—Magnani as Political Commissar of an Italian unit fighting with Marshal Tito's forces; Cucchi as Deputy Commander of the Partisan Division which liberated Bologna. Both have now been denounced by their former party leaders as traitors, collaborators, and enemies of the working class.

They themselves were not surprised by this. It was, they told me, straightforward "routine" in a party in which no discussion of the reasons for their resignation would be allowed. But they added that no one who had known them personally or followed their careers since 1936 would believe the allegations. Magnani pointed out that, for the past four years, he had been the General Secretary of the Reggio Emilia Federation of the party. At the time of his resignation, that Federation, with 67,000 paid up members, was the largest in Italy. "My local position," Magnani said, "might have made it easy for me to have been a real traitor, and to have organised a subversive, deviationist movement among my colleagues. That was precisely what I would not do. I took great pains to leave the party in a straightforward way, after using every possible opportunity to make plain to my comrades the reasons for my dissatisfaction." He was referring to the speech which he delivered at the Federation

Congress in Bologna last January. "It was," he said, "the one occasion when, according to the Party Constitution itself, policy and political problems *ought* to be openly discussed." When his words failed to make any impression whatsoever on the Congress audience ("they seemed not even to understand what I was saying"), and the platform compelled him to withdraw, Magnani decided the last chance for compromise had gone.

Early press reports claimed that his chief reasons for resigning were belief that the party was being used in the interests of Soviet foreign policy, and "a patriotic desire to defend Italian national independence." Part of his Bologna speech was, in fact, devoted to this question. But a far more important motive was disillusionment with the internal organisation of the party since 1944. There was, he said, a growing cleavage between the leaders and the rank and file. Most of the former had spent the years of Fascist rule and subsequent liberation in exile, in Russia and elsewhere. The young men and women of his own generation had stayed in Italy and, as Partisans, fought Fascism at home. "As a result, we came to hate dictatorship in all its aspects." When Togliatti and his colleagues came back to Italy from Moscow they were out of touch with new developments. "They have tried consistently since 1944," Magnani said, "to reimpose the monolithic discipline which they had learnt in Russia. By now, the Party has ceased to discuss any political problem, at any level except at the very top. Our cells, branches, and Federations have simply become sounding boards for slogans handed down from above." It was this total absence of free thought and free discussion which compelled Magnani, Cucchi and their associates to quit the party.

It was natural, perhaps, that their resignation should have been described, by sympathetic as well as by hostile observers, as a new example of Titoism—a comment which gained some force from the fact that Magnani himself had fought in Yugoslavia, and had married a Yugoslav Partisan, now dead. But in 1948, Magnani had been as vocal as any of his comrades in supporting Cominform denunciations of Marshal Tito; and, in fact, as he took pains to tell me, his resignation has nothing in common with events in Yugoslavia. Indeed, he showed no special sympathy with the present Yugoslav regime. "With the possible exception of Western Czechoslovakia," he said, "all Russia's European satellites are economically backward, socially primitive countries with uncultured Slav populations. Few of them have known real democracy at any time in their history. In these circumstances, it can be argued that some kind of dictatorship—whether Stalinist, Titoist, or straight, old-fashioned reactionary—is inevitable. But between the situation and conditions in Western Europe there is no parallel." And he went on to explain the impossibility of imposing Stalinist methods on a people with such long traditions of civilisation and culture as the Italians. It was clear, too, that he thought that this problem was in no way confined to Italy: circumstances were similar in France, in Western Germany and elsewhere in Western Europe.

On their future plans, Magnani and Cucchi were still a little undecided when I saw them. But they clearly felt that it was now their duty to help to create some new Socialist and democratic alternative to the Communist Party for the Italian working class. Whether they can still be considered orthodox Marxists is doubtful: they intend to act exclusively in democratic, constitutional ways. But they remain well to the Left. They were both outspoken in their detestation of the present Italian Government and of its policies; and they based their continued opposition to Italian participation in the Atlantic Pact on their conviction that membership of it must deprive Italy of her independence in both international and domestic matters, so long as that Government remains in power. Surprisingly, they thought *British* co-operation with America compatible with democratic Socialist objectives. "Britain won the war, is still powerful, and has a Labour Government. Italy lost the war, is economically and militarily weak, and has a reactionary Government. Between these two situations there is no parallel," Magnani said. Consequently, in foreign policy, these two will work for Italian neutrality. But this will include Italy's right to defend herself against attack from any quarter.

It seems likely that, in the next few months, Magnani and Cucchi will be co-operating closely with Ignazio Silone. The cause of Italian democratic Socialist unification (as it has hitherto been understood) will probably gain little by their activities; but their lead is certainly being followed, in the ex-Partisan movement (A.N.P.I.), by many who share their feelings of frustration and resentment.

FRANCIS NOEL-BAKER

Cycling Roadsters

THE bicycle is part of our lives. We do not now give it a thought, let alone a hostile one, though readers of this journal may remember a moment of irritation, during the war, at the announcement that a batch of Competition entries had been blown out of the setter's bicycle basket (was it Rhoda McGurgle's?) and were lost for ever. Otherwise, our minds fully occupied with taxation, vexation and rearmament, the handy contraptions mean less to us than the passing clouds of Easter.

The Badminton Library, that invaluable encyclopaedia of British Sports and Pastimes, produced its Cycling volume in 1887, and a spirited picture it gives of the advent and reception (by "an essentially conservative nation") of "the graceful piece of mechanism." *Cycling* was the work of Viscount Bury and G. Lacy Hillier, and the Badminton Library itself was dedicated to H.R.H. The Prince of Wales. Intending wheelmen, cheered by this august company, were further reassured as to the propriety of this form of locomotion by the fact that "there is not a crowned head in Europe who has not a stud of these useful iron steeds." A Royal Princess was mounted on a Challenge tricycle. "Prince Yeo, son of the King of Siam, Lord of the Thousand Elephants, etc., purchased a bicycle." "The Khedive of Egypt has several tricycles; one in particular . . . is so covered with silver plating that one can hardly see the black enamel." The highest, it was clear, were in favour of the contrivances.

The less exalted did not take to them at all. There were "exhibitions of considerable excitement" and "demonstrations of hostility." Enraged rustics were for ever darting out and pushing riders into the ditch. On one startling occasion the driver of the St. Alban's coach lashed out with his whip at a passing cyclist (£2 fine), while "the guard threw an iron ball on a rope between the spokes and dragged the rider to the ground" (£5). The police were lively with penalties for Furious Driving, cycles being carriages within the meaning of the Act. In "the celebrated Over Turnpike case," the gatekeepers demanded a toll of five shillings from a bicyclist, subsequently "upsetting him and detaining his lamp" (Verdict for the bicyclist). As *The Times*, in 1878, put it: "the bicycle has come to the front and is fighting for its existence."

The fight was won. Clergymen and "steady middle-aged citizens" were gradually to be glimpsed on "sober tricycles," and "even in the wildest districts of the country the half-brick of welcome is now seldom heaved at the cycling stranger." Innkeepers' hearts learned to leap up at the sound of tinkling bells heralding "a 'club' of wandering velocipedists." The Sociable Tricycle appeared, which gave "the chance of inducing some adorable being of the gentler sex to share one's pilgrimage on wheels." One never knew, however; ladies riding solo and anxious for an "unmolested spin" were advised to adopt the protective camouflage of the "Cyclists' Touring Club grey uniform which . . . so closely resembles that ordinarily worn by the wife of the parson or doctor that . . . the bucolic intelligence sets down the passing stranger . . . as probably a friend or acquaintance of the local lady." Eventually, young hotheads awheel learnt better than to "cover their coats with braid and blow bugles in the streets," and the year 1881 "closed quietly . . . with a very lengthy discussion on the question of the gearing of tricycles."

The models then popular had evolved remarkably from the French *célérifère* (the "by no means graceful" bone-shaker, productive of "headaches and hernia") and had passed through the varying stages of the velocipede, manivelociter, bivector, trivector, accelerator and allepode. There had been a coach, with accommodation for six, driven by a footman who, in full rig, treadled away on two foot levers in the rear. There was a "Self-moving Machine" from Sunderland, complete with fly-wheel and complicated cogs. Trial and error showed the nub of the affair to be that "cycles fall generally into two divisions, those with three wheels and those with two," though this definition included "the horrible engine known as the bicycle tandem . . . *il faut respecter tous les goûts*."

The authors impress two things on the beginner: the importance of "artistic ankle work" and of scientific falling ("quite an art in itself"). As to the former, the two

" must momentarily suppose that he has gone a few steps backward in the Darwinian line of human descent and that he is once again quadrumanous " and in this frame of mind he may then mount The Home Trainer, patented by Mr. Milbrowe Smith of West Bromwich. He must master " the rudiments of ankle action," achieve a " thoroughly irreproachable ankle action," and must realise that " an uneven ankle action is possibly worse than no ankle action at all." As to the latter essential, " falling forwards from a bicycle is by no means a difficult exploit . . . The peculiar form of tumble that ensues is known by the distinctive name of ' the cropper,' or ' Imperial crowner.' " Your hands protected by a stout pair of gloves, fall, where possible, on to the road, which will produce " a series of somersaults . . . nothing like so serious in its results as a dead stop against a bank or wall." Try not to fall on cinders (" very disfiguring "), which may leave your face covered in " blue marks exactly like tattoo." Should this occur, clap on " large soft linseed-meal poultices . . . and give Nature time to re-establish the disintegrated membranes." Having fallen successfully on to the road, and completed your series of somersaults, you should, " after the first pain has gone off . . . essay to move." Don't just lie there.

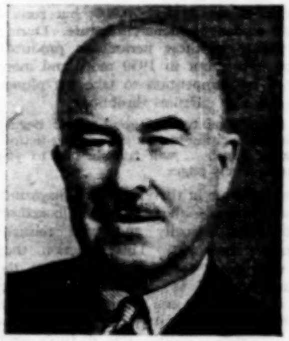
In clothing, an " all-wool programme " is advised (ladies taking advantage of the convenient " all-wool corset "). Overlook nothing. " Sore throat is often to be traced to the linen band round the neck of a flannel shirt." Essentials are " a medium thickness combination, a lounging shirt of light cashmere and a stocking cap of knitted material . . . Should the tourist entertain the slightest suspicion of the dryness of his sheets, he can obviate cold in the head or worse dangers by sleeping in his cap." The Norfolk jacket " is particularly suitable for couples upon sociables " and " riders with abnormal calves will do well to tone them down with wide and somewhat baggy knickerbockers." Beware " the hard and unyielding garter " (varicose veins), of double seating for cloth breeches (blisters), of undetachable washleather seats (" rucks and folds " galore).

Beware of much else besides : of " cramp in the toe-joints," of putting your foot amongst the spokes, of " that most dangerous accident, a blow behind the heel on the tendo Achilles " (though females are here protected " by the Cheylesmore clutch being fitted to the Club Sociable pedals on the lady's side "). Make sure that all your " patented nicknacks " are firmly in position : " nothing . . . can be more annoying than the loss, perhaps miles from home on a dark night, of the clapper of the bell " (carry a " combination gong " among your spares). Remember your " plain black felt wideawake " for winter riding, the puggaree for your helmet in summer, your Club colour muffler, your " well-known Multum-in-Parvo luggage bag." Beware of the mounting difficulty, though here again ladies are specially catered for in the neatly-jointed Starley Bros.' Psycho handlebar.

With your ankle action all that it should be, your solid rubber tyres snugly fitted to your " outer semilunes," your C.T.C. silver badge (" a passport to cheery kindness "), and your conviction that in " mud which exceeds three inches " you must " get off and walk," you are ready for a tour. Should you require a " congenial spirit, a notification may be put in the C.T.C. Gazette asking for a consort." Advertisers are advised " to state as clearly as possible their social position, so that the associate chosen may be suitable." This may well lead to a " hearty friendship." Your C.T.C. handbook will be invaluable " in any strange place, if a member's machine breaks down, or he is assaulted, or in any way wronged."

There was Sir T. Parkyns and his steam tricycle ; there was a private meeting of the Wanderers B.C. in the grounds of the Caterham Asylum ; there was " the possibility of applying electricity to tricycles " (hopeless, unless you found yourself " in the immediate neighbourhood of a good Samaritan with an engine and dynamo "). Wiry enthusiasts propelled their " steel steeds " constantly between Land's End and John o' Groats, and the tandem tricycle two-mile record was twice beaten in an evening. In 1883 a bicyclist rode for half an hour on the Goodwin Sands (" why he went there is a mystery "), and 1884, " destined to be an important cycling year, opened with a meeting of lady members of the C.T.C. who discussed, *in camera*, the details of a suitable costume." What enterprising years they were !

ARTHUR MARSHALL



★ ★ ★

BEVERLEY BAXTER

joins the SUNDAY EXPRESS

Beverley Baxter, renowned across the world as one of the most knowledgeable, human and delightful writers of his generation, has joined the Sunday Express.

He will contribute a weekly column of a type new to Sunday journalism.

It will span the life of our day.

While not a social gossip column in the usual sense of the phrase it will tell you about people and events both important and interesting.

It will reflect current moods and opinions.

Its purpose will be to give life colour by weaving through news and views a golden thread of warm humanity.

Beverley Baxter's experience of life is unusually wide and rich. In politics (he is M.P. for Southgate), in the world of the theatre (he is the foremost critic of our day), in social life, and in industry he is in personal friendship with the outstanding men and women of our time.

No journalist is more adequately equipped to report life and to reflect upon it.

Each week in the Sunday Express he will do both.

★ ★ ★

READ HIS FIRST COLUMN NEXT SUNDAY IN THE

SUNDAY EXPRESS

For Women Only

Numbering upwards of two score, and now engaged in an increasingly feverish rivalry which involves prize competitions, free booklets and "exciting offers," the British periodicals which cater exclusively for women's tastes fall into two groups—the penny plain and the tuppence glossy. Sociologically, the latter group is the more interesting. The magazines such as *Weekly Welcome*, the *Oracle*, and the *Red Letter*, whose target is the poorest section of the working class, are bought primarily to read: they are packed with closely printed, and sometimes surprisingly well-written, fiction; it is not unusual for them to serialise a best-seller such as Nevil Shute. Utilitarian advice on kitchen, household and clothing problems is, as might be expected, common to all. In the *Oracle* a distinctive feature is the advice to readers, based on revelations from handwriting, provided by Louise, the resident expert.

> Of course he was wrong to sell the car but, believe me, his handwriting shows that he is punishing himself with remorse.

Louise seems on the whole to be a sensible adviser; and similar features, without the handwriting test, which appear in other women's magazines, probably do more good than harm, though one would say that few of the printable problems could be solved without personal knowledge of the people involved. The best work of these departments is probably done behind the scenes—answering, by post, questions about birth-control and other subjects which permit accurate advice.

The glossy group ranges from the popular "fourpennies," *Woman* and *Woman's Own*, with three or four million readers apiece, to the eclecticism of *Vogue* and select, specialised periodicals like the *Lady*, which boasts that its circulation does not exceed 70,000, but runs a successful "exchange and mart" feature. During the war, many of these periodicals produced pocket-size issues, but in 1950 more and more were forced by competition to take the plunge back into full size. Drums throbbed:

> Our famous mixture of good sound beauty information, exciting fashion, absorbing fiction, provocative fun . . . will tumble out to you from large, lovely pages.

A common factor in these women's magazines is that they are made, above all, to be looked at, to be devoured visually and with relish—advertisements and all. This function they perform with great technical skill. Even the "absorbing fiction" is dwarfed by the big beautiful illustrations: one magazine, it is said, chooses the illustrations first, and has the stories written afterwards. Stories and pictures alike tend to reflect the American Century: men are rugged and brown; the plainest of the women have the golden skin of goddesses; and the children have freckled cheeks, snub noses, and jeans. Light, humorous stories about the minor crises of married life seem to be most popular. Most of them end happily, and they rarely exploit the supposedly female love of a good cry. Heroines are thoroughly respectable: they are allowed to be secretaries if they wish, but they fall in love only with the soundest, professional young men—with a preference, at present, for architects and advertising consultants, presumably because they can be interesting and moving, even artistic, without detriment to their good prospects as "providers." True, they have their financial problems: the heroes often face marriage daringly, with little else to their name than £25 a week and a "wee sports car." But more typical of the "glossy" sense of value was a recent story in *Woman*, built around the scheming of a young lady who wanted her husband—an easy-going, simple man, with an architect's humble job at £2,000 a year—to be "a success."

Few of these magazines attempt to deal adequately with the technicalities of the home. Five-year subscriptions to any of them would be a poor substitute for a standard work on household management; and even in their most utilitarian features there is little attempt at system. The assiduous reader will learn several times over in one year how to confront the problems of washing up, dealing with adolescent children, or slimming and otherwise improving the anatomy. Sex problems are occasionally tackled—usually with a self-conscious show of being "frank and fearless." An apparently popular subject is that of "intimacy before marriage." In a number of recent articles the basic advice has been the same—"Don't"—but the reasons urged in support of this moral view vary. One magazine urges the sanctity of marriage; another, more practically minded, recommends young readers to reflect on "the lack of dignity" involved—under the conditions usually open to the unmarried.

So far as ethics go, these periodicals firmly eschew sophistication: the offer by one magazine of a free booklet, *If Men Only Knew*, described as "slightly wicked," was exceptional. Many, indeed, are conscientiously pious. Readers of *Woman's Magazine*, for instance, were recently reminded that "the finest means of all to make friends is within the church," and several periodicals employ a clergyman to write pleasant, reassuring articles on friendship or bereavement, or when to teach children their prayers. (In *Heiress*, however, the resident chaplain will even venture to help teenagers with "crushes" on other girls). But, if moral sophistication is eschewed, the same cannot be said of the literary style, which has all the tricks of post-Wilde Decadence. "Blade-narrow" or "wand-straight" skirts, falling to "spun-glass" ankles, reflect a mannerism set by *Vogue* and assiduously copied, not always with success. The cookery section in one magazine headed "Fish Dishes of Character" is difficult for purists to defend, and even *Vogue* itself can be unintentionally ridiculous; it welcomed the end of soap rationing on the grounds that "we can now have a tablet in every bathroom."

Such casually complacent comment apart, it cannot be said that women's magazines treat any political issues seriously. Columnists in *Woman's Magazine* and *Homes and Gardens* nag steadily at the Labour Government; but no woman's periodical, to my knowledge, has ever run a campaign for anything. Some keep in touch with the Board of Trade and with manufacturers in order to improve the standard of household goods, but none has ever helped to promote a public measure like the recent Children's Act. Many make a feature of readers' letters; but no controversy is ever published, except perhaps about the manners of modern children or whether women should wear slacks for shopping. As for the arts, *Vogue* is intelligent; the others tend to talk down to their readers ("Here is a cheerful book. . . ."). In the *Lady*, criticism of *The Cocktail Party* took the unusual view that Mr. Eliot was preoccupied with the servant problem: "the domestic unrest through lack of service has deeply impressed the poet's mind." But most women editors feel that their duty to culture is done if they find room for an article about Moira Shearer and her husband, or for some nostalgic recollection (preferably of childhood) by a popular writer.

One odd assumption of the editors appears to be that everyone can be neatly and wittily classified: women's magazines love the Chart. This can illustrate various types of husband, or girl-friend, or holiday: for instance, a Chart which recently appeared in *Woman and Beauty* described the various men to be met with on holiday—in columns headed "Where you will meet him," "What he will say," and so on. The "Intellectual" was to be met, simply, "In a pension in Greece"—a discouraging thought for the intelligent girl bound for a boarding house in Eastbourne.

One question remains: why should there be women's magazines at all, and what is the basis for their appeal? Inasmuch as they are generally trivial and occasionally descend to the puerilities of astrology (even *Vogue* in its latest "Beauty Book" issued a "planetary guide to your perfume . . . the heavier perfumes are usually the choice of the Scorpio woman"), their existence is a problem to those who believe as an article of progressive faith that the female mind is identical in depth and breadth with the male. They do not cater for specific hobbies like journals dealing, in the male sphere, with gardening, yachting, or bee-keeping; nor can it really be said that clothes are such an obsession with the average twentieth-century woman that they call for such a mass of journals featuring the Mode. Moreover, for the great majority of their readers, most of the furs and silks and furbelows—to say nothing of the interior decoration—so glossily illustrated are economically unobtainable. I take it, then, that the secret of the appeal of women's magazines is that they give their readers—as do, in a different way, the illustrations of alluring mansions in *Country Life*—a pleasurable sense of vicarious consumption. There is, of course, the practical side of it: some of the notions may be adaptable for small purses. But, if I am not mistaken, women—even intelligent, hard-working women with many wider interests—turn these glossy pages, not so much to pick up ideas for the "new look" or the latest accessory, as to indulge momentarily in a comfortable feeling of sensuous *bien être*. It is like stepping into a hot, verbena-scented bath.

Robert Pitman

So They Say . . .

This is not cricket. It is bodyline stuff," began A. J. Cummings in his best *News Chronicle* style at the beginning of hostilities in the Commons. "It . . . will hit national unity for six." By last week, Fleet Street's editorial writers were trooping in to bat—for both sides.

Daily Telegraph, March 12:

> [The Opposition is duty bound] to exercise with increasing vigour [its] constitutional function . . . to oppose . . .

Daily Herald, March 12:

> Cannot the Tories understand that opposition is not the same thing as buffoonery?

Daily Graphic, March 15:

> It is the glory of our parliamentary system that it enables men . . . to find a way to bring to heel any rulers who abuse the trust placed in them by the people . . .

Star, March 15:

> The Opposition have every right to seek the Government's downfall. What is questionable is their present method of going about it . . . wrong and irresponsible . . .

EMPRESS SAILINGS

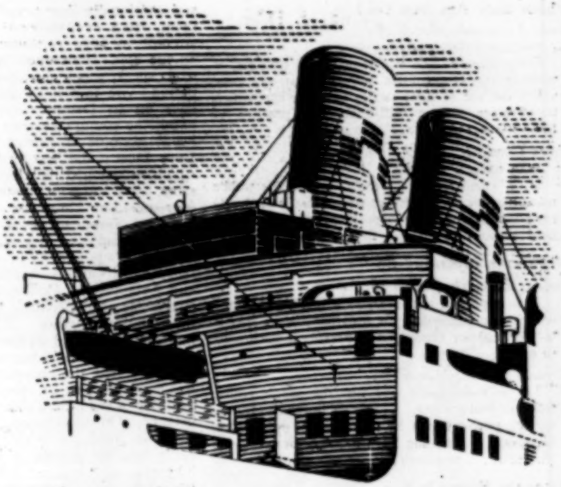
Apl. 10 Empress of France
Apl. 17 Empress of Canada
May 1 Empress of France

All to Quebec and Montreal

Royal comfort aboard. Trans-Atlantic ease in their luxurious appointments. A Canadian cuisine to bring bliss to sea-sharp appetites. And a combined ocean-rail ticket to see you smoothly through to your Canadian or American destination.

Minimum Fares: First Class £82-0-0; Tourist £54-10-0

Ask about financial facilities for those visiting relatives in Canada. And about the Canadian Government Assisted Passage Loan scheme.



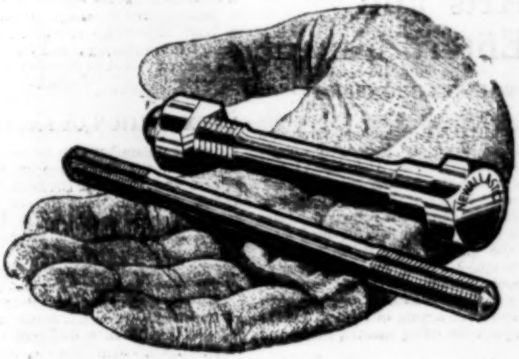
Your authorised agent of

Canadian Pacific

Trafalgar Square, W.C.2. (Whitehall 5100): 103 Leadenhall Street, E.C.3
(Avenue 4707) LONDON: and Offices throughout Britain and the Continent.

Unique

"Newallastic" bolts and studs have qualities which are absolutely unique. They have been tested by every known device, and have been proved to be stronger and more resistant to fatigue than bolts or studs made by the usual method.



POSSILPARK **G. P. Newall & Co., Ltd.** GLASGOW, N

Which Side Are You On?

Daily Telegraph, March 16:

PARLIAMENTARY TACTICS

Colin Coote: The main point to consider is whether the Government have or have not provoked the use of these tactics by behaviour which is offensive to the well-established practice of British Governments . . .

News Chronicle, March 16:

BEAR GARDEN BATTLES.

A. J. Cummings: . . . the effect on the public mind may be very different from what is evidently expected by the Tory opposition, which must be held responsible in the first place . . .

Week-end Summing-up

Sunday Dispatch, March 18:

It is important that everyone should understand who is responsible for this situation . . . the answer is—the Labour Government, because it is clinging to office . . .

Reynold's News, March 18:

Let us make quite sure that the people realise what is being done . . . [Mr. Churchill], frantic for the power which he deems to be just within his grasp, is straining Parliamentary procedure to the limits . . . to snatch a Party advantage . . .

After the Heavy Roller

Manchester Guardian, March 19:

There must have been many among Mr. Churchill's hearers on Saturday who felt that he was pledging his party to the wrong tactics . . . most ordinary people will think the tactics unworthy, if not positively indecent . . . an abuse of "rights" . . . Mr. Churchill, of all people, should see the danger of reducing Parliament to a figure of fun . . .

Daily Telegraph, March 19:

Mr. Churchill's speech on Saturday night was marked by a sense of national and international responsibility which lifted it above the category of "party political broadcast" . . . In calling for a General Election . . . Mr. Churchill speaks from motives which transcend party advantage . . .

AUTOLYCUS

The Arts and Entertainment

THE YOUNG SCHÖNBERG

Listening recently to what seemed an admirable performance, by the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra under Sir Adrian Boult, of Schönberg's early symphonic poem, *Pelléas and Mélisande*, I was confronted again with the familiar enigma of this composer's career. How is it that a young man so richly endowed with an artist's invention and communicative power should have devoted most of his life to the spinning of a spider's web of scholastic technique? How could the warm-hearted composer of the *Gurrelieder* come to write a work so wildly eccentric, so elaborately pointless, as his recent setting of Byron's *Ode to Napoleon Bonaparte* for string quartet, piano and reciter?

I don't know whether it was to Schönberg, or to some associate of his, that Strauss made his well-known gibe: "Why do you trouble to compose atonally, since you have talent?" At all events it is clear that in 1902 Schönberg possessed plenty of talent. *Pelléas* is no masterpiece; but it is a work of considerable romantic impulse. The themes—sometimes memorable, more often not—are manipulated with unfailing skill and gusto, so that the whole composition sails confidently forward, carrying the listener with it. That it should succeed in doing this is all the more remarkable because it shares with the other principal works of Schönberg's Wagnerian phase (*Verklärte Nacht* and the *Gurrelieder*) a grave drawback: sluggish rhythm and continually slow tempi. It also suffers, like them, from over-elaboration, and from a vain attempt to keep romantic ecstasy permanently on the boil. This quest for Perpetual Emotion, so to speak, was a characteristic aspiration of the period: we find it in Strauss, in Mahler, and later on in Delius. Everything conspired to tempt the young composer in this direction: the heady example of *Tristan*, with its forty-minute Love Duet; the vast new orchestral apparatus which encouraged repetition and the piling up of range after range of climaxes; most of all, the ever-spreading chromatic deliquescence and the resulting disappearance, little by little, of familiar musical signposts and landmarks.

There is a picture by Paul Klee called *Versümpfung*, which means "turning into bog-land"; and Schönberg's *Pelléas*, like much of Delius, strikes me as a specimen, in its way beautiful, of musical *Versümpfung*. The *Gurrelieder* is far more muscular and decisive, and its first part is the masterpiece of Schönberg's early career. It is a pity that the enormous demands made by this work prevent its frequent performance, and give rise to the legend that it is hard going for the listener. On the contrary, much of it, especially the love music of Waldemar and Tove, could easily become popular if it were better known. There is an attractive freshness in these early pages, the huge orchestra is used with subtlety and discretion, and the well-written voice parts are never swamped; above all, the chromaticism is noticeably less extreme than that of *Pelléas*.

It is not surprising that the excessive chromaticism of *Pelléas* should have proved a dead-end: the first of a series of dead-ends into which Schönberg has been driven by his restless love of experiment and technical ingenuity. The next was the complete abandonment of traditional tonality, which produced a state of anarchy. To escape from the chaos of total liberty (the sequence of events is almost political), Schönberg embraced the strict but arbitrary discipline known as "the twelve-note technique": a concealed pattern not unlike the anagrams which Baconians claim to detect in the works of Shakespeare, and of little more artistic consequence to the listener. Strange though it seems, Schönberg has claimed that the sole object of the twelve-note method is "comprehensibility"; but he is also obliged to admit that, in practice, it has the opposite result, and "seems to increase the listener's difficulties." Nearly 30 years of twelve-note music have done little to change this situation; and Schönberg, at 76, is still obliged to look to posterity for the bulk of his audience.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

AN EXHIBITION OF FAUVE PICTURES

To those unfamiliar with the history of the Fauve movement, the Exhibition at Messrs. Roland, Browse and Delbanco is bound to prove misleading. For one thing the central figure of the group, Matisse, without whom the others simply cannot be understood, is present with two unhelpful pictures; one, an unimposing flowerpiece and the other, a Corotesque landscape not remotely Fauve in spirit. For another, a number of artists who worked in Great Britain and Germany are included who, even if at two or three removes, at a decade's distance, they reflect certain obvious Fauve facets, stem from a separate ancestry. I am at a loss to understand what these examples of the Scotsman Fergusson are doing here; Peploe (surely the organisers must have had a shock when they realised this?) is inspired by analytical cubists or near-cubists; the Marc is a "Blue Rider" picture quite different in style, character and subject matter; and the only excuse for the presence of Schmidt-Rottluff (No. 40) is that he can at least claim, along with some Fauve landscape painters, the parentage of Gauguin. This is not to say that artists working outside France should necessarily have been excluded, given wide enough terms of reference. Quite a good case can be made out for allowing Gaudier-Brzeska and Jawlensky into this company, though their variations, exhibited here, on the Fauve theme are not very inspiring. To these might reasonably have been added some Duncan Grant portraits of about 1910-12 where strokes of pure colour are juxtaposed to animate the surface, to stand proxy for modelling; or a Kandinsky of 1908-10 when his work, still just representational, had points in common with Fauve experiments; or even a "Pink" Picasso which would have helped to show that this great genius did not pursue an entirely solitary course until the advent of Cubism; or a few judiciously selected Gilmans instead of the too well-known Matthew Smiths.

However, pictures of beauty and power are on view, some even among the great achievements of these inexhaustibly fertile years 1904-07. There can be no question that Derain runs away with the show. In fact, unless one knows intimately his organised river scenes and blood-red barges, his foreground quays with idle passers-by gazing into the water—a strangely traditional iconography borrowed from Impressionism and later abandoned by the Cubists—one might never have grasped quite how senselessly the term "wild beast" was hurled at him. The use of colour for the conveyance of sensation rather than description, which lies at the root of Fauve aesthetic, did not involve in Derain's case, though it did in Vlaminck's, any slackening of the strands of design. The barge and the horse-and-cart in the bottom right-hand corner so deliberately *point* that one almost comes to believe that their future course—up the diagonal, into the picture—provides an element in the composition; masts and tree trunks have therefore vital parts to play in counterbalancing this diagonal thrust. Backwards and forwards within the settled cage, streaks of flat, pure colour are left to dance. Similarly with Braque, who is represented by three landscapes, tiny refinements on Gauguin's coarseness, a subtle tension is set up between the firmness of the structure, and free colours in flight. Dufy and Vlaminck, on the other hand, approach the problem more intuitively: Dufy builds on the Impressionist tradition, while Vlaminck, by taking over, and in the process coarsening, Van Gogh's technique, leaves so much to chance that at times design is lost in dashes and curling flames of yellow and red, or has to be artificially reimposed. Alone among the Fauves he deserves the name.

BENEDICT NICOLSON

THE ELECTRA OF SOPHOCLES

THE obstacles that lie between an English audience of the present day and the enjoyment of Sophoclean tragedy are portentous. Few of us any longer have the background. It may not be essential to be able to pick one's way through the allusion-strewn language, but it certainly helps if one knows something of the conventions of classical Greek plays and the restrictions under which the dramatist, in that early morning of the drama, worked. All action takes place off-stage and what we see is only the naked emotion that the action provokes. The emotion is naked as well because this drama is, to use a painting term, "conceptual." Electra is not a character as we understand that term, she is the living vessel of the primitive emotions that rage in her. Then, further, Greek poetry, so limpid and lucent, may seem (especially in a translation so admirable as J. T. Sheppard's) bare, for it is without that evocative richness that we, brought up on Shakespeare, expect from dramatic verse.

The producer's difficulties, then, are formidable. He cannot merely aim at reproducing the conventions of a quite vanished age. In their bareness and simplicity they would fail to hold us; they might even seem to us faintly ridiculous. (We must frankly face the fact that in modern representations of Greek drama the ridiculous is always hovering in the wings.) The producer must find an acceptable compromise which will give a modern audience, with its modern expectations, some kind of equivalent. The audience, too, must play its part in laying itself ready to receive a quite different kind of impact from the usual.

"BOTH WAYS"

This hardy evergreen of life assurance, designed specially for young men, is more than ever the policy of the moment. Let it help to smooth *your* road through the years of endeavour ahead. You will put yourself under no obligation by writing for full details to

SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND

Head Office:
9 St. Andrew Square, Edinburgh, 2

London Offices:
28 Cornhill, E.C.3
17 Waterloo Place, S.W.1

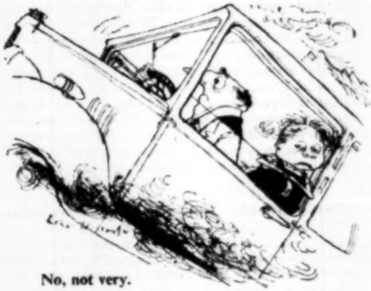
BRITISH INSURED

In Nigeria a textile machine goes into action. A British Insurance Company covered its journey to West Africa, covers it through its working life, covers the new factory and all its staff. A new-born industry is safely cradled!

British Insurance Companies back World Enterprise

Issued by the British Insurance Association

Is this a steep hill, Daddy?



No, not very.

Then why do you keep changing gear?

Because the old bus has seen better days, I suppose.

Why were they better days?

For one thing, because you could get BP petrol for the asking.

When *will* BP be back, Daddy?

That, my dear enquiring offspring, is what we'd all like to know!

BP is the trade-mark of
ANGLO-IRANIAN OIL COMPANY, LTD.,
whose whole organisation is behind it.

B. O. A. C. proudly presents...

THE Monarch

LONDON - NEW YORK DIRECT — OVERNIGHT!

It's the last word in luxury air travel!
- ★ Double-decked Stratocruiser Speedbirds.
- ★ Luxurious lower-deck lounge.
- ★ Cocktails, seven-course dinner with wine or champagne, then liqueurs . . . all complimentary.
- ★ Full-size private berth only £8 . 19 . 0 extra.
- ★ "Speedbird Overnight Bag" for every passenger. An "Elizabeth Arden Beauty Kit" for each lady.
- ★ Yet, you pay no surcharge to travel on *The Monarch.*

Free advice and information available on request from your local B.O.A.C. Appointed Agent or B.O.A.C., Airways Terminal, Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1. Tel: VIC 2323. Early reservation advisable.

B.O.A.C. TAKES GOOD CARE OF YOU

FLY BRITISH BY **B·O·A·C**

BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION

Except in one important particular, Mr. Michel Saint-Denis has completely triumphed over the obstacles in the *Electra* which the Old Vic are now presenting with Miss Peggy Ashcroft in the main part. He follows the Greek convention in dividing his stage into two. The chorus is confined to the fore-stage; and everything that takes place on the built-up back-stage where the drama itself is played out, succeeds far beyond expectation. He has imposed a fitting style on acting and speaking, large simple gestures and a rhetorical tone which lies well beyond naturalism and yet is never pseudo-poetical. The climaxes are beautifully worked up to, and he makes the most of such drama, in our sense, as there is—the entrance of Clytemnestra and the recognition scene between Electra and Orestes.

From up on the main stage itself we receive a really terrific impact. Emotionally the drama simply wrings us out. Of course, it is a triumph for Miss Peggy Ashcroft, and all the more so because one might have supposed in advance that she was altogether too silvery an actress for the part. One imagined that she might have thrown over it just that shimmer of romanticism that is wrong for Greek drama, the kind of romantic shimmer which some of Gilbert Murray's translations give us. But in the event it was not so at all. From the first high wail on which she entered, it was clear that she was not going to go wrong in that direction. In fact, she never went wrong at all. She drives her way through the part with an energy and resolution, and even a hardness which we might have not thought her to possess. She is, no doubt about it, on the grand scale. Her grief is a pure spring gushing from an unquenchable source: her hate is implacable: her love grows strong as a tree. The assault on our feelings is just about as direct as it could possibly be, striking straight down on us as it should without haze or shadow. In Miss Ashcroft's performance we come as near to experiencing what Greek tragedy should give us as, at this distant date, we can expect. Miss Catherine Lacey's rasping, violent Clytemnestra was very much in the right spirit; so, too, was the Aegisthus of Paul Rogers. And then Leo McKern as the servant delivered the conventional messenger's speech when he tells of the supposed death of Orestes, with a really fine fire and a rousing climax. It is a further tribute to Mr. Saint-Denis' production that he managed to keep within the context an Orestes and a Chrysothemis who were neither of them aptly cast.

Whether it was wise to commission a characteristic decor from Miss Barbara Hepworth I am not sure; for it adds, in an already difficult enterprise, an additional layer of difficulty for that part of the audience which cannot accept the modern idiom. But Heaven forbid that the Old Vic should be wise when they can be bold. Miss Hepworth's set (which is non-representational) evokes, with a few simple masses—pillars, steps and a door—something of the bare, washed, simplicities through which, in this tragedy, we move. And even those whose prejudices are pricked up at once by what they call modernism will agree, I think, that this particular set allows the producer the most effective possible use of a very imaginative lighting.

The dresses on the main stage are splendid, rich, beautiful. Less happily dressed is the chorus. But the treatment of the chorus in general is, in my view, where Mr. Saint-Denis fails. This convention of the chorus is the most difficult part for modern audiences. Unless it is extremely tactfully handled the result is to evoke for us less the religious atmosphere that was intended than the shadows of those two burlesque Queens, the Misses Hermione Gingold and Baddeley. And the ghosts of these two are not entirely exorcised from the fore-stage at the Old Vic. Mr. Saint-Denis keeps his band of hideously dressed maidens too much on the move and makes them as well as the Chorus leader act out the emotions depicted above them and speak in a drilled unison. It does not succeed.

The evening is rounded off with one of Chehov's vaudeville sketches, *The Wedding*, started up into a one-acter with dancing, ballet posture and arty fun. I must confess I find this kind of thing unbearable; but some of the audience seemed to be enjoying themselves.

T. C. Worsley

RADIO NOTES

Miss Jill Craigie's feature on the suffragette movement, *The Women's Rebellion*, was continuously interesting and had its enthralling passages, notably Christabel Pankhurst's cross-examination of Lloyd George in the witness box. Yet at the end I found all my sympathies were with poor Mr. Asquith, poor Mr. Lloyd George, poor Mr. Churchill and, above all, the poor police. And this cannot be what Miss Craigie intended. What went wrong? Why did I find those admirable ladies who chained themselves to railings and did their best to mutilate the Rokeby Venus increasingly repellent as the programme went on? The answer, I believe, lies in the lack of a wider context to the programme. I found myself, while listening, wondering about the women, especially the eminent women, who were not represented in the programme, who were not militant. What, I wanted to know, did Mrs. Webb think of it all; what would George Eliot and Octavia Hill and Josephine Butler have said about it? They, too, were part of the women's movement, but they were ignored. What one had instead was a dramatisation of fanaticism, and this was to compel the listener's attention to questions which ought to have been irrelevant. As the programme was written they were not irrelevant; for the only possible interest in fanaticism is psychological, and this being so, one wanted to know more, much more, about the minds of the militant feminists. We were told, for instance, of women who, repeatedly arrested, repeatedly went on hunger strike and repeatedly were forcibly fed. The operation, a disgusting one, was described; and it was difficult to resist the thought that the psychoanalysts could throw considerable light on the motives of these women.

One is really criticising, of course, the limitations of the documentary presentation of which Miss Craigie is so distinguished an exponent. But there are times when the documentary, from its very nature, falsifies and the fictitious is more truthful. The documentary treatment of the suffragette movement produces an excellent rendering of corybantic frenzy; but to explain just why—and the reasons were doubtless not nearly so simple as they themselves thought—nice women became corybantes something more is required, the imaginative insight of the novelist or dramatist.

Mr. Henry Reed's historical feature, *A By-Election in the Nineties*, disappointed me for other reasons. At times it was very funny—there were some superb comic rustics, and an eve-of-the-poll meeting that ended in quite wonderful disorder—but it wasn't consistently funny enough for its length. Mr. Reed's problem was akin to that of the writer who wishes to draw a convincing bore: how can he do it without becoming himself a bore? The West Country election Mr. Reed imagined, for all its humours, was too much like any by-election at any time. It wasn't rendered absurd enough, it wasn't silly enough, and the wit wasn't sharp or cruel enough for satire. But it was played and produced with great gusto and, as the Tory candidate, Mr. Carleton Hobbs was the epitome of fatuous bonhomie.

It was plain from the recent production in the Third of *Midsummer Fire* that we must hear more Sudermann, a dramatist, I must confess, who has never been more than a name to me. I found the play fascinating, suggestive of a gentler, more pastoral Ibsen. At the same time I felt the production lacked decision and that the actors were never quite sure of themselves: provincial Norway in the last years of the nineteenth century, Sweden, the steppes of Czarist Russia, in these we are at home, actors and audience alike; we have yet to find our way about East Prussia.

William Salter

L. S. Lowry, at the Lefevre Gallery

The distinctive feature of Lowry's work is its clarity both of purpose and execution. No outside consideration of any convention or theory ever comes between his subject and his interpretation of it; his work is naturally (not deliberately) uncompromising and unselfconscious. Therefore, when he fails, as in one of the lake pictures in this show, he fails dismally; when he succeeds, as in an excellent interior (No. 6), a quite empty seascape and most of the industrial town scenes, their success is almost anonymous—so direct and *authentic* is his interpretation. This naivety, though, is deceptive, for Lowry is a far more professional craftsman than many of his contemporaries, and the visual clarity of his work depends on his actual skill in painting. He covers the canvas with a thick, rough foundation of whiteish paint and then, when it is dry, paints the features of the scene thinly on top of it, leaving the white to shine through the smoky sky and through the grey pavements and patches of grass, which have been worn as thin as old mats. Then against this bright but general lightness he precisely places the chimneys, the haphazard buildings, the dogs, like overgrown insects, and the crowds of people—each person as particular and emphatic as a note on a sheet of music. These pictures, in which he records not only the appearance of a town but the rhythm of its habits, are in a sense repetitive; yet every one, like each day, is distinct so that you expect somebody to say, "Look—that one must be Friday—Harry only comes home that way on Fridays."

J. B.

"The Seventh Veil," at the Princes Theatre

This, it may be remembered, was one of the first films to distort the psychoanalytic theory in the interests of popular entertainment. Now the film—by reverse of the common practice—becomes a play, or is adapted—shall we rather say?—for the stage. It is agreeable rubbish, agreeably put on, with Miss Ann Todd in the part which she played in the film, and Mr. Leo Genn standing in for Mr. James Mason. The pleasure it gives is the pleasure of recognition: in all of its innumerable little scenes you know exactly what everyone is going to say before they say it, and what each of them will do before they do it, and there is a kind of fascination in proving yourself right each time. It would hardly be worth mentioning if it were not that the play is being presented by a tax-exempted company the Sherek Players whose two previous ventures have been *The Cocktail Party* and *Return to Tyassi*. To include this piece is a grave error of judgment. For this tax-exemption scheme is in my opinion so valuable that it should be jealously guarded. There can be no adequate justification for adding this trivial piece to their list. It only brings into disrepute an arrangement which is designed to help serious theatre. *The Seventh Veil* in its present form must presumably be classed as theatre: serious theatre, no stretching of the terms will ever make it.

T.C.W.

"Pineapple Poll" Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet

Whenever choreographers turn to the poets for inspiration, they seem to trip up on the high hurdles they choose. How absurd, for instance, to make ballets out of *The Eve of Saint Agnes*, *Les Illuminations* and *The Age of Anxiety* which were only a few of last year's follies! Fortunately Mr. Cranko has a surer idea of his own measure, and his new piece, *Pineapple Poll*, a Bab Ballad ballet, is well within his scope. What is more, Mr. Cranko, in his capacity as Resident Choreographer, knows the measure of the young dancers for whom he composes, and his new diversion—it is little more—exactly matches their vitality and wit. W. S. Gilbert's absurd jingle (*The Bumboat Woman's Daughter* is its proper title) tells how Portsmouth girls evince no interest in their husbands and sweethearts, the crew of H.M.S. *Hot Cross Bun*, once they have clapped eyes on its resplendent captain. And no wonder, David Blair, a superbly swishy Captain Belaye, inspects his crew with all the swagger of a *première vendeuse* displaying a band of mannequins. So enamoured is Pineapple Poll (excellently danced by Elaine Fifield), that she disguises herself as a sailor in order to be on his boat, but so do all the other girls—and, alas, as the Captain is virtually married, to no purpose. This story and

Sullivan's music—out of copyright at last—give endless opportunities to Mr. Cranko for lively hornpipes and the like, and the company make the most of them. A new *Façade*? Not quite, *Pineapple Poll* is a bit too long and Mr. Cranko has not yet acquired Mr. Ashton's light hand with comedy, nor is he such a sly observer of life. Osbert Lancaster's decor recalls Ravilious and Rowntree, though that is not to say that his own blend of waggish humour and arty preciosity is absent. The first set is almost successful, but it belongs to the flat page of an architectural journal rather than to the stage.

R. J.

Correspondence

"KILLING A SCHOOL"

SIR,—The one-sided account by C. H. Rolph of the controversy concerning the status of three London Grammar Schools does scant justice to the Boards of Governors of L.C.C. secondary schools and especially to that of the Hackney Downs School; nor can it be anything but misleading to state that they "hold office for three years only . . . with functions that are purely advisory" or that "the L.C.C. can 'pack' them as it wishes." It is equally wrong to impute that the Governors of Hackney Downs School merely "signed on the dotted line."

Governors are appointed every three years but, generally, the same persons are re-appointed and frequently serve for many years. In the case of Hackney Downs, there are twelve Governors—nine appointed by the L.C.C. (in the present circumstances, five by the majority party and four by the opposition), one by the University of London (a retired Professor) plus two co-optative Governors, one of whom has by a tradition of many years been the Rector of the Parish, and the other an "old boy" of great standing. Two, including the present Vice-Chairman, have been members for over twenty years, two others, including myself, have served for over sixteen years and four others for more than six years. A former Governor, the late Miss H. Adler, C.B.E., served for forty years. Although our functions are mainly advisory, we do have quite a number of powers in such matters as the appointment of staff and the carrying out of small repairs and improvements.

The School, which was established by the Grocers' Company in 1876, was handed over for complete maintenance to the L.C.C. in 1906 and it has since been regarded and treated as a County School. As I stated at the Council Meeting on March 6, the L.C.C. obtained nothing but a building from the Grocers' Company; there were no endowments or other privileges. Under the control of the L.C.C., the School has achieved great distinction and has produced many eminent men, including Sir Ben Lockspeiser, Dr. Cyril James (Principal of McGill University), Maurice Evans, Firth Shepherd and Norman Ginsbury.

When the question of the status of the School arose last summer, the Governors adjourned consideration in order to be more fully informed, and an Assistant Education Officer from County Hall attended a special meeting when the matter was decided. It was obvious that we had been functioning as a County School for over 44 years, during which period the School had been greatly enlarged and developed in many ways. It was also quite clear to us that to maintain the fiction permitted by the Education Act of 1944 that we were a "voluntary school" would confer no advantage on anybody. We had no "voluntary" benefactors to whom to turn. We should still have to rely entirely on the L.C.C. for our existence. On the other hand, this "voluntary school" status could bring about some disadvantages—it would serve to impede the plans of the Council as the Education Authority for London, and, more important still, it would immediately limit our scope of development. It was no use pretending that we were on a par with Oundle, which was still being maintained by the Grocers' Company.

We therefore took a realistic view of the situation and, deciding to "call a spade a spade," we agreed that the L.C.C. (the legal Trustees of the School) should ask the Minister for permission to maintain the School as a County School.

Hackney Downs School. BERNARD HOMA,
Chairman of Governors.

SIR,—In no field of our national life has Labour's policy of "Fair Shares for All" roused such bitter hostility among anti-Socialists as in the field of education. This is not surprising, because control of the educational system has been for generations one of the most important instruments in the hands of the traditional ruling class for the perpetuation of class distinction and divisions. But the idea, implicit in Mr. C. H. Rolph's article, that a local education authority is under a moral obligation to preserve, at public expense, the special features of individual schools, once their original sponsors are no longer able, or willing, to support them financially, can only be described as fantastic.

Ever since the Reformation the dominant purpose of English education has been the training of an upper and middle class *élite*, which has constituted the ruling class. The two main avenues of entrance to this *élite* have been the possession of wealth or outstanding intellectual or practical ability. But prior to 1902 it was extremely difficult for a child of ability from a poor home to climb into the *élite*, because access to higher education was restricted to those children whose parents could afford substantial school fees. The Education Act of 1902, through the development of the "free place" system, has enabled many children from poor homes to enter the *élite*, either as members of the professions or as administrative or technical experts in industry and commerce. Their advent has broadened the basis of the ruling class, but the purpose of the educational system has remained the training of an *élite*.

Unfortunately, a free democracy depends for its survival, not on an *élite*, but on the existence of an educated democratic community. The selective Grammar school, while admirably suited to the production of an *élite*, can never be the basis of an educated democracy, because the segregation of children at the secondary school stage inevitably produces the "we" and "they" attitude, which is embodied in the "Couldn't care less" mentality of the unofficial strike. A free democracy can only exist where the educational system is geared for the production of social unity; it demands a common secondary school and county colleges capable of inspiring our future citizens with a feeling of loyalty to the whole community and a sense of pride in their work and individual personal responsibility. Throughout the nineteenth century the Public Schools were outstandingly successful in producing these qualities within, and on behalf of a single class. We can learn much from them, for they solved the problem of educating children together, regardless of differences in intellectual ability. But we shall be heading for disaster, if we imagine that we can incorporate, without modification, into the machinery for our new democratic educational purpose educational institutions designed for something entirely different.

3, Oakland Road, K. ST. JOHN READE
Bristol, 6.

"AS A SOCIALIST SEES IT"

SIR,—Surely M. Werth oversimplifies the problem? We are not forced to choose between an atomic war and the perpetuation of the Stalinist regime in its present form. I do not wish anyone to start a war to liberate the Russians and East Europeans—though I doubt my moral right to condemn anyone from those countries who feels that war would be less horrible than what he suffers now. But I am convinced that it is unnecessarily defeatist to write off the peoples of Eastern Europe and Russia for ever.

If we do not make a "firm stand" with America, we shall have first a piecemeal conquest of parts of Europe by the Stalinist imperialists, then war with all its horrors, and finally Stalinisation of our own country. Not only will the Russians and East Europeans not be liberated, but we shall lose our own liberty. If we do make a "firm stand," we have a good hope of saving peace and of consolidating,

Good Taste

"Good taste" is acquired rather than inherited. The distinctive *tang* of Euthymol may not always be appreciated at first use, but the feeling of a fresh and healthy mouth which follows quickly convinces you that here is a toothpaste of *very* good taste; one that cleans teeth properly!

Euthymol

TOOTH PASTE
from all chemists

A PARKE-DAVIS PRODUCT

politically and economically, the non-Soviet world. This will, of course, not lead to the immediate overthrow of the Soviet regime, but it will greatly strengthen those forces in the East European countries and in Russia itself, outside and inside the Communist parties, which are opposed to counter-revolutionary Stalinist imperialism.

Time will show the ways in which these forces can operate, and in which the West can help them. The maintenance of peace through Western strength and unity will "bring nearer" the liberation of these peoples. I am sure that Mr. Werth will agree with me that the people of this country, which three times within 150 years has owed its national survival in great part to the heroism of the Russian people, should remember its debt. The fact that we can do little for them at this moment does not mean that we shall never be able to help them.

University College, HUGH SETON-WATSON
Oxford.

LABOUR PACIFISTS

SIR,—Mr. Radnedge misunderstands my letter in your issue of March 17 when reading into it that no pacifist should become a Labour candidate.

My contention was that there were up and down the country prospective parliamentary candidates who had been pacifists of moderate views when nominated. With the change in the international situation many of these men felt that only "militant" pacifism could serve their ends and abandoned moderation.

Mr. Attlee felt that the best way to call to order or throw overboard these recalcitrants lay in a public demonstration of his disapproval. He found what appeared the best oportunity for this by withholding his letter to Mr. Harold Lawrance.

Accepting the assurance that Mr. Lawrance had not changed his brand of pacifism since nomination, I inferred that he was made a scapegoat and suffered an injustice. He was, in fact, regarded as expendable.

I am certain this would not have happened had he stood a chance to win the seat. I am equally sure that other pacifist candidates will not be treated likewise; Mr. Attlee's action was *pour encourager*, regrettable but necessary to restore party discipline.

The Cottage, CHARLES K. MURRAY
45 Bark Place, London, W.2.

NEW KINDS OF HOLIDAYS

Walking Tours in Lapland, Telemark, the Jotunheim mountains, Black Forest, Provence, the Tyrol, the Dolomites, the Sorrento Peninsula, Algeria.

Mountaineering for the not-very-experienced in the Otztaler Alps and in Switzerland.

Mountain Centre Holidays in the Engadine, Carinthia, Bavaria, Savoy, Piedmont, the Jura, Spain.

Sightseeing Tours of Italy, Portugal, Morocco, Tunisia—and down the Rhône to the Riviera.

SUCH HOLIDAYS AS THESE

attract each summer hundreds of people who are seeking something out of the ordinary.

Our Programme-Booklet describes them and many more. Efficient planning without over-organising: competent leadership by experienced volunteers: really inclusive charges from £24 for a fortnight: enthusiasm to do job well and not to make large profits: these are some of the factors which have led to the outstanding success of our holidays abroad.

INDIVIDUAL HOLIDAYS, TOO

We also have a programme of Individual Holidays—attractive tours and centres in a dozen countries for people who want to spend their holidays alone and not with parties. And if you still can't find what you want we can plan it specially for you.

If you think our programmes will interest you, send or telephone for your copies now.

RAMBLERS ASSOCIATION SERVICES

48d, Park Rd., Baker St., London, N.W.1

Phone: AMBassador 2495

RESERVISTS

SIR,—"Z" reservists who claim a conscientious objection have been granted the concession of appealing to a tribunal, the decisions of which will be recognised by the Service departments.

"Supplementary" reservists, i.e. those national servicemen called-up since December, 1948, and discharged from full-time service into the Supplementary Reserve, are to be allowed no similar concession. That means to say they must undergo a court martial and punishment, either detention or imprisonment before being allowed to appeal to a tribunal.

This is grossly unjust. Had I been called up five weeks earlier I should have been on the "Z" reserve instead of the "Supplementary." In other cases, two or three days would determine whether a man was "Z" or "Supplementary."

In any case, there is absolutely no reason why the concessions granted the "Z" men should not also be extended to "Supplementary" men.

DAVID SELLS

PERSIAN NATIONALISM

SIR,—In your leading article on "Persia and the Powers" you have hit the nail on the head when you wrote: ". . . the Nationalists in turn have disliked Britain as an imperialist power which in the last resort can always rely on spontaneous tribal revolt in the South to enforce her will in Teheran." You have thus brought to the notice of the British public the important fact that the oil problem for the Persians is not merely an economical one. In fact it is predominantly political. In urging nationalisation Persians wish to stop the continuous process of British intervention in their internal affairs.

However, may I be allowed to comment on two points in your statement: (1) The term "Nationalist" should be given a very wide connotation to include the great majority of politically conscious Persians, and (2) besides "spontaneous tribal revolt," other means have also been used by the British to enforce their will on Teheran.

Some Persians who have despaired of regaining their sovereignty by reasonable negotiation with the British have had no alternative but to join the Communist Camp. We others, who have no wish to align ourselves either with Russian or with British interests and see in strict Persian neutrality the only way to salvation and, in fact, the only way in which Persia can cease to be the bone of contention between the Great Powers and "the Sarajevo of a Third World War," hope that the British Government and nation will recognise and respect the legitimate aspirations of Persia unanimously expressed by the Majlis. F. M. R. HUNAR

London.

INFLATIONARY FORCES

SIR,—If, as they will, the terms of trade continue to move against Britain, and if, as seems inevitable, the combined costs of meeting this and of carrying out the armaments programme to which we are committed is in excess of our capacity to expand output (while we are changing its pattern), then our global real income must fall. In so far as this fall is not accompanied by an increase in taxation or savings the results will be inflationary. A leader in *The Times* of March 9 argues that the appropriate price policy in this situation is "to check price increases which do not reflect unavoidable increase of cost such as those due to increased cost or scarce supplies of imported raw materials" and "to ensure that the burdens and strains of the price increases that must occur are not only spread as widely and fairly as possible, but also in such a way as promotes, by a true comparison of relative costs and prices, the utmost efficiency of production." The latter category, the leader writer concludes, must include profit and distributive margins. Such increases in price, he argues, are not in themselves inflationary; they merely reflect relatively altered costs.

The problem is to translate this delicate, ingenious but irrelevant piece of economic analysis into administrative terms. In an inflationary situation all price increases are inflationary, in that they accelerate the action of the truly inflationary forces. Few can be isolated as representing true changes in cost against such a background. The fear that holding the prices of such essentials as food and rent at a low level will intensify inflationary pressure by diverting it is not, by wartime experience, of much importance. On the contrary, such stability is a primary condition of getting a popular savings programme accepted. The major problem is to moderate the inevitable rise in money wages and to stimulate saving. This demands the utmost care to prevent the prices of basic necessities from rising. It cannot be proved, in the short run, which prices are rising because of long run and non-inflationary changes in cost. Overheads in the distributive trades are not rising fast enough to justify an increase of 15% in the global incomes of distributors to match the expected rise in their purchase prices. If the patience of wage earners who have worked and waited for five years for an improvement in real wages is to survive the set-back inherent in the present position, no increase in prices must be permitted which ingenuity can prevent. HENRY SMITH

Ruskin College, Oxford.

CLOTHES RATIONING

SIR,—In your advocacy of a re-introduction of clothes rationing, certain fundamental differences between the position now and that prevailing at the outbreak of the last war have in my opinion been overlooked. Clothes rationing was linked during the war with the Wool Control, which did all the bulk buying of wool and the distribution for the Services and civilian needs. Obviously raw wool prices were stable when treated as an essential war commodity; therefore, subsidies could be operated and the cost to the Exchequer reasonably assessed.

Throughout the whole of the war period there was never really a serious shortage of women's clothing; in fact there were often bottlenecks, with resultant Board of Trade action for the release of more coupons to take up surpluses. This applied chiefly to woollen clothing; worsteds were always scarce, but it is impossible to segregate and apply rationing only to certain types of textiles.

As for your comment about rationing by price, one must examine the various cloth and clothing schedules for utility apparel, to discover that the increases in made-up clothing only allows for the difference in each case of the rise in price of the particular category of cloth, allowing, until recently, 3 yards (for women's coats); that is, three times the increase of the cloth per yard plus 5 per cent. of that amount for consequentials.

Briefly this means that only the difference in the rise of wool has been passed on to the public by the manufacturer of made-up clothing. The resultant hardships to small and large business houses must be obvious to any layman; the strain on capital resources is severe, and taxation allows for no reserves to be built up, for fashion changes, slumps and (least of all) for having to pay for the same number of units or pieces of cloth two to three times what they cost only 12 months ago.

If the textile industry is to play its part in a larger export drive, it would be disastrous to hamper it now with clothes rationing, with all its restrictive ramifications. Exports can only be built on a healthy home trade. If the solution of the present dilemma is to be sought, it must be with our Commonwealth cousins. Peg the price of wool for the next three years, then introduce a subsidy, if necessary, and let the industry do the rest. Competition and the battle for survival have brought prices down before now.

DIRECTOR

WILLIAM POEL

SIR,—I am writing a life of the great Shakespearean scholar and producer, William Poel. I would be extremely grateful for the courtesy of your columns to beg the loan of, and if necessary the permission to quote from any of his letters that may be in the possession of your readers. Letters or other documents that are loaned will be treated with care and returned gratefully and expeditiously.

25 Priory Park Road, N.W.6. JOHN ALLEN

Books in General

We Europeans are parochial in our historical outlook. We recognise antiquity and our modern civilisation—for both are European ages: but the intervening period of Asiatic domination we dismiss as the Dark Ages. Now that the Dark Age of Asia is receding, the greatness of Europe, so long taken for granted, begins again to require explanation. How was it that that ruined and forgotten peninsula, whose civilisation once seemed to have passed for ever, recovered power and wealth and culture to dominate the world again?

Partly, no doubt, thanks to the Church. Christianity, that Asiatic religion, profoundly modified by its adoption among the barbarians of Europe, provided, from the eleventh century, such slogans of war and conquest as Marxism, a European religion, similarly modified, now supplies to the natives of Asia. The crusades were Europe's protest against the dominance of Asia, Pope Gregory VII our Mao Tse-tung. And yet crusades alone are not enough. Fanaticism we have always with us: it only succeeds when it can also finance itself at a profit, and thereby tame and rationalise its own spirit. The revival of Europe was not achieved by Peter the Hermit, that Frankish *marabout*, but by the merchants of those Italian cities, last links with antiquity and the East, who, by financing and exploiting the crusades, led trade and civilisation back to the West.

What a debt we owe to those few survivors of antique capitalism! Europe around them was almost entirely rural; trade had shrunk to the peddling of pilgrims; the techniques of large scale commerce, denounced by the furious Fathers of the Church, had been largely forgotten; and in the Rome of Gregory the Great, capital of the Christian world, there had been, it seems, but a single banker. But in Venice, Bari and Amalfi—outposts of Byzantium and the East—the old techniques were preserved or rediscovered: the Venetians, settling at Constantinople and Alexandria, monopolised the trade of the Empire; and when the brief splendour of Amalfi and Bari was snuffed out, the fishermen of Genoa and Pisa inherited their commerce. By the time the Papacy was ready to proclaim the crusades, these three capitalist cities were equipped to finance, transport, and supply them. They earned their reward: their quarters and capitulations in captured towns throughout the Mediterranean—even in Constantinople itself—gave them the trade of the whole sea; they became bankers to the Popes who directed the campaigns, to the impoverished noblemen who fought in them. The Syrian seafarers retreated before them; the Jews declined into local usurers; and by tapping African gold in the Barbary ports they refreshed, indirectly, the economy of the whole continent. Behind them, in Piedmont and Tuscany, capital was accumulated, the wool industry organised, and banking begun: and industry and banking in turn raised up two inland cities—Milan and Florence—to rival the sea ports of Venice and Genoa as capitals of the mercantile world.

Throughout the Middle Ages these four cities held their position. In the great trade-boom which followed the crusades, when the Mongolian peace opened all Asia to their agents, they eclipsed all their rivals and solemnised their ascendancy by minting their own coins in the gold which they had reintroduced to Europe. In each of them, in the thirteenth century, the mercantile classes rose to political power; in each of them the form of that power was different; in three of them the nature and history of that power has been analysed by M. Yves Renouard, one of that brilliant group of historians inspired by Marc Bloch*. The relationship between economics and ideology, between the bourgeoisie and culture, has been so bedevilled by the new dogmatists that it may be well to examine, in these scholarly pages, three such historical laboratories as the medieval communes of Venice, Genoa, and Florence.

Venice, the earliest of all, retained throughout its original character. It was the city not of industry, nor of international finance (its only industry was the state-owned naval arsenal, its only borrower the city government) but of commercial capitalism and Eastern trade. Further, Venice was not merely (like Genoa) an oligarchy of great merchants: it was a mercantile state, whose machinery of government served not the interests of the merchants, but the commerce of the state. The 200 great merchant families might organise themselves around their political members; they might build, as families, commercial empires in the Levant; but policy, appointments, war, the rules of commerce itself, were strictly determined by the state. There were no private fleets, no private monopolies, but a state fleet, state monopolies, a whole economy directed by the state. In no Italian republic was the power and intervention of the state as firm as in the classic whig republic, in which alone, in a long history, the aristocracy was not split by faction nor attenuated by exile—which alone gave to Europe not only wealth and culture, but a new political ideal: the " Venetian aristocracy."

What a contrast with Genoa! Genoa too was a purely commercial state, without industry. There too the government was controlled by great capitalist families. But there was no state. Government was the prey of faction: families with great private monopolies, great private fleets, struggled to control it. Having cornered the alum of Phocaea, Benedetto Zaccaria, in the thirteenth century, became admiral of Genoa and used his own fleet, headed by his flagship *Divizia*—" Wealth "—not only to crush the rival commerce of Pisa but also, by capturing a personal empire, to monopolise every process in his cornered goods; and when the impecunious city wished to send a naval expedition against Monaco, it could only finance it by converting the sailors into a company to capture Chios on a profit-making basis. This cut-throat individualism, this religion of private wealth, enabled the Genoese to perfect many commercial techniques—portulan maps, book-keeping by double entry, professional insurance; it denied them civic prosperity. Even when the creditors of state amalgamated themselves into a state bank, the Casa di S. Giorgio, the bank did not serve, it exploited the state: it became the means whereby a few rich families managed the treasury, the colonies, and trade in the interest of their private monopolies. And meanwhile the defeated families fled abroad or sold their skill to foreign powers—like that Genoese bank-agent who, having learnt his employers' philosophy that gold is the key of earth and heaven, transferred his service to Spain and discovered America for the new masters of his city.

Those who suppose that the spirit of capitalism is hostile to art, should clutch at the solitary instance of Genoa to support their fantasies: alone among Italian communes it was exempt from the Renaissance. But what of Venice, what of Siena, what of the Flemish towns, what of the greatest capitalist city of Italy—Florence? Tuscany came late to world commerce: Florence was a banking and industrial city long before it possessed a seaport, and the vast financial power of its great family companies was based first on a highly organised cloth industry, then on a fortunate alliance with Rome. In the thirteenth century a group of exiled Florentine citizens financed the papal conquest of Sicily and thereby their own return to power in Florence; and thereafter " the Guelf alliance " of Pope, King of Sicily, and Florentine bankers remained a constant in politics. At the end of the century, when the crash of the Bonsignori, " the Rothschilds of the thirteenth century " ruined the great banking houses of Siena, the Florentine companies were supreme. In Italy they organised a multiplicity of business, in food and clothing, metals and spices, relics, *objets d'art* and slaves; they had branches in Italy and abroad; they accepted deposits and advanced loans; they handled the revenues of Popes and kings; they established mints and insurance companies, postal and intelligence services; until in the end their vast fortunes depended on credit and their credit on the politics of their royal clients. A political scare in 1342 caused a rush on the banks that ruined the lesser companies; and even the three great survivors—the Bardi, the Peruzzi, the Acciaiuoli—" the columns of Christendom "— crashed four years later with the failure of their greatest client, Edward III of England. Nevertheless, the system was reorganised and continued: its leaders controlled government and policy and finance in their own interest; they seemed immune—except from proletarian risings or *coups d'état* by ambitious individuals among themselves. In the end it was the latter that prevailed: the greatest financial dynasty of Florence—the Medici—became the Grand Dukes of Tuscany.

Meanwhile what of the Church, whose alliance, whose war-slogans, whose financial needs had so favoured the communes? Christianity was a pacifist religion, and its original anti-capitalist doctrines had been reformulated with an added emphasis for a society of rural barbarians. The pacifism indeed had been rejected in the eleventh century; what of the anti-capitalism, now that the Church and its allies were alike great capitalist organisations?

**Les Hommes d'Affaires Italiens du Moyen Age.* By Yves Renouard. *Armand Colin.* 480 *fr.*

Little by little the orthodox faced their dilemma. Sometimes there were spectacular *crises de conscience.* So a Sienese financier in 1360 abandoned his office and, magnifying the name of Jesus through the villages of Tuscany, founded the mendicant order of the Gesuati. Others compromised less painfully by vicarious sacrifice: the Florentine millionaires gave largely to the poor, commissioned Giotto and Orcagna to glorify holy Poverty in paint, and arranged for their own burial by the mendicant orders which they had enriched. But this delicate equilibrium could not last for ever. Already at the end of the fourteenth century a mendicant friar was preaching that wealth was an estate pleasing to God (he soon became a rich cardinal); a few years later a Sienese saint would affirm the legitimacy of usury, the utility of high finance; and a Florentine bishop would argue that wealth, however acquired, was intrinsically good. A century later, when the Genoese plutocracy hovered on the edge of heresy, a Jesuit reclaimed them, by his famous sermons on the rate of interest.

M. Renouard does not reach this last point. To him the sixteenth century, the beginning of our world, was the end of the Italian cities, eclipsed by new discoveries and new conquests. But great histories do not end so abruptly. Venice long dominated the trade of the East, a model of government to other merchant states; Tuscany, with its new port of Leghorn, became a great commercial power; and the century of Spanish predominance has been called, in the history of finance, "the century of the Genoese." And if Genoa and Florence had lost their civic independence, their exiled citizens, like Europeans to-day, carried their talents abroad. The Genoese bankers became grandees of Spain, the Florentines peers of France. Even in England the family of an exiled Genoese financier propped up, by a quadruple marriage, the Protectoral house of Cromwell, and a member of the expatriate Florentine family of Dante's Beatrice designed, for Queen Elizabeth, the fortifications of Berwick-on-Tweed.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

SPRING SONG

Efficiency in offices is found
And love in basements and in two-room flats
And death traditionally under ground.

There are no new quotations to propound—
Although we get as drunk and blind as bats
Efficiency in offices is found.

The Life Force, always, pushes us around
Until they lay us out like table mats
With death traditionally under ground.

Perhaps a parson black and trimly gowned
Will speak of us while friends remove their hats—
Efficiency in offices is found.

So get the girls and get the whisky downed
While we're alive we're luckier than cats
And death traditionally under ground.

Let love and beauty dance and music sound
The land be gay with lambs, the sea with sprats—
Efficiency in offices is found
And death, traditionally, under ground.

GAVIN EWART

THE SHIELD AND THE SWORD

Two Frenchmen: Pierre Laval and Charles de Gaulle. By DAVID THOMSON. *Cresset Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Some months ago, there was a rumpus at the headquarters of de Gaulle's Rassemblement du Peuple Français. An article had just appeared in *Carrefour* by Colonel Rémy, one of the big shots of the R.P.F., in which he not only demanded the immediate release of Pétain but also said that France's greatest tragedy had been the failure of the Gaullists and the Vichyites to join forces at the time of the Liberation. And in the course of the article he also recalled a conversation he had with de Gaulle himself, whom he quoted as saying that Gaullism and Vichyism were, historically, part of the same thing—both equally indispensable to the survival of France. "If Resistance was the sword, Vichy was the shield of France." There was a row about it, and Colonel Rémy was forced to resign from the governing body of the R.P.F.; but to this day de Gaulle has never denied his use of the phrase about the shield and the sword.

I was reminded of this shield-and-sword theory when I read in Mr. Thomson's book:

> As the tide of events [in 1944] forced more and more active resisters to look to de Gaulle as their focus of loyalty, there might have been some hope—given different personalities at the top—that the supporters of Vichy in its policy of obstructionism and the supporters of de Gaulle in his policy of resistance might have come to see some little merit in each other. That very few of them did so was because Vichy, in its death throes, became so closely dominated by the extreme collaborationists, whilst the Gaullists became increasingly adamant against any form of reconciliation. . . . Had de Gaulle acquired earlier some of Laval's political adroitness and perception, the fate of France after liberation would have been different.

Mr. Thomson's conclusion would make any Marxist hoot with joy, for what, without saying so, or perhaps even without realising it, he is, in fact, regretting is that the two branches of the extreme Right in France did not join up at the time of the Liberation, and failed to impose on the rest of the French people an authoritarian semi-Fascist regime of their own making. De Gaulle, to do him justice, had enough understanding of the mood of France to know that this was utterly impossible. The active Resistance in France—a point scarcely mentioned by Mr. Thomson—was, in a very large measure, a Left-wing movement, in which the Left wing of the M.R.P. and the Communists played, numerically, by far the largest part. De Gaulle was, to them, a convenient, if inadequate, symbol of national unity, largely built up in the minds of the French people, as Mr. Thomson rightly suggests, by years of B.B.C. propaganda. Far from lacking "political adroitness and perception," de Gaulle knew that any attempt on his part, in 1944, to join forces with the Vichyites, would have led France straight into Revolution and de Gaulle himself straight to the guillotine. The very fact that de Gaulle refused to reprieve Laval is sufficient indication of his awareness that the task of French reconstruction could be started only under the banner of Resistance. The execution of Laval—though legally a highly questionable step—was an act of rough justice symbolising the formal break with Vichy and all that it stood for. The Fourth Republic had, at the beginning, all the elements of a New Deal—the nationalisations and the numerous social reforms of 1945-46 were typical of its "Leftist" tendency—and it was not until Marshall Aid came and the breach was completed between the "Third Force" and the Communists that the Fourth Republic began to look like the twin brother of the Third. The present Gaullist tendency to gang up with the Vichyites is, as Mr. Thomson suggests, in the nature of things. Only it took time. But does he not underrate the support de Gaulle might receive from quarters other than the ex-Vichyites, and the Gaullist sympathies existing among those very parliamentary parties to which the General officially attributes all the evils of French public life to-day? The borderline between de Gaulle and the "Third Force" is not at all as clear as Mr. Thomson thinks. It's a big question for the coming Election.

Too many points are stretched by Mr. Thomson in trying to "compare" Laval and de Gaulle. Of the two, he clearly prefers Laval, and while underrating the disastrous role Laval played in the Thirties as French Appeaser No. 1, he tends to dwell far more on Laval's obstructionist tactics in relation to the Germans during the Vichy period than on the not inconsiderable services he still felt obliged—for reasons which were not always purely patriotic—to render Hitler. It is, nevertheless, true that Laval became the scapegoat, and was, in reality, from the point of view of the Resistance, no better and no worse than dozens of other Vichy politicians who are living comfortably in Paris to-day.

On de Gaulle Mr. Thomson is much tougher, sometimes, I feel, unnecessarily so, and often for the wrong reasons. Thus, in describing his vain, touchy and, at times, inept behaviour during the years at Carlton Gardens, he tends to look at him through the eyes of the Foreign Office and the State Department (to both of whom he was, of course, a constant headache) and through the eyes of sworn personal enemies like M. de Kerillis and Admiral Muselier. Yet as a symbol and as a moral influence, de Gaulle was an indispensable weapon of psychological warfare, so much so that I remember even this uninhibited journal refraining, in the public interest, from printing in 1941 an article on what was justly called by the initiates 'The Muselier Scandal.' It was when through a blunder on de Gaulle's part, Scotland Yard arrested the Admiral as an alleged spy, and kept him locked up for several days, at the end of which Mr. Churchill had to invite him to dinner and Mr. Eden had to offer him the humble apologies of the British Government.

While there is very little that is new in the "Laval" half of Mr. Thomson's study, some of which reads like a compilation from half a dozen well-known books, the "de Gaulle" half is well worth reading, not least for the many highly controversial points it raises. If Laval is dead, de Gaulle is still alive, and not only physically, and the more we know about him, the better. I suspect, however, that Mr. Thomson would have written an even better book if he had known both his heroes personally, which, it seems, he did not. Altogether the idea of writing an "academic" work on two contemporaries on the basis of a somewhat accidental assortment of printed material could, I feel, have been improved on.

ALEXANDER WERTH

NO COUNTRY FOR OLD MEN

The Complete Poems of Robert Frost. *Cape.* 18*s.*

"Robert Frost, long recognised as America's greatest living poet . . ." So runs the publisher's blurb as if to challenge the reviewer to query, Ezra Pound, Robinson Jeffers, or (since we may not say Eliot) W. H. Auden. If Robert Frost is so recognised, it is doubtless for the usual reason, that the demands he makes upon his readers are not too great. "All that can be done with words is soon told. So also with metres," the poet himself writes in a foreword, and the average reader may turn with a good conscience from Pound's Cantos, where all that can be done with words is by no means soon told, to poems where "there are virtually but two (metres) strict iambic and loose iambic." There are actually some simple lyric metres as well, but the point is that as a master of language there can be no comparison between Robert Frost and Ezra Pound; nor, in range of human experience is he as wide as Robinson Jeffers, whom among fellow-poets he most resembles. Nevertheless, a recognised greatest living poet (as distinct from a great living poet, who is quite likely to be recognised in the negative way in which Joyce and Lawrence were recognised by having his books banned) is seldom without real merits,

THE PHAIDON PRESS
Announce the publication of

PIERO
DELLA
FRANCESCA
BY KENNETH CLARK

WITH 219 PLATES, 7 IN FULL COLOUR
80 PAGES OF TEXT

PRICE TWO GUINEAS

It is only in the present century that Piero della Francesca has come to be recognised as one of the greatest artists who have ever lived. For the first time an English scholar and art critic of the highest distinction has made a study of this master, which will take its rank among the classics in the literature of art. The Phaidon Press takes great pride in this new publication which, after many years of preparation, is now offered to the public.

THE PHAIDON PRESS
1 CROMWELL PLACE
LONDON SW7

A NEW CRITICAL
BIOGRAPHY OF

JEAN
RACINE

by GEOFFREY
BRERETON

Dr. Brereton, a former Director of Studies at Bryanston School, later, Director of French Broadcasts for the United Nations Radio at Algiers, and not unknown to Third Programme listeners in his own country, has devoted many years to the study of French writers and particularly to Jean Racine. This biography, just published, is the result, a biography as factually accurate as modern research can make it, differing in a number of respects from the traditional portrayals

Demy 8vo, 8 half-tone illus., 22/6 net

CASSELL

Compton Mackenzie

reviews Vincent Brome's H. G. WELLS

"Mr. Vincent Brome has performed his task with honesty, skill and sympathy, and with wisdom.

"I can recall no other biography of equal quality written so soon after the death of a great man of our time. With personal knowledge of most of the figures who pass across these pages I can cite nothing to find fault with in Mr. Vincent Brome's treatment of them. There are, of course, lacunæ; they were inevitable in the circumstances, and the biographer is well aware of them. I marvel at the tact with which Mr. Vincent Brome has been able to suggest the substance of liaisons of which he is debarred for obvious reasons from giving the facts. How well those tales could have been told is clear from his handling of facts that can hurt nobody. The portrait of H. G. himself is nothing less than brilliant, and for me the whole book has been a profoundly moving experience."

(The Bookman)

15s. net

LONGMANS

G. BERNARD SHAW

was no fool and people should now investigate the practical application of his theories regarding the great gain to be obtained from a new alphabet. This they can do by reading "Why not English?" by P. D. Ridge-Beedle, the proofs of which were read and annotated by Mr. Shaw. It contains the

BEDEL

Alphabet, by means of which (1) a child could be taught to write and read in a few weeks instead of years. He would actually be **able to make out books printed in our present spelling** (2) if he were then taught standard spelling, so much time would be saved, that the total time taken would be much less than at present (3) several hundred million pounds per annum would be saved in the cost of paper, etc. (4) foreigners would learn English so easily, that it would become a universal language.

"Why Not English?" costs 10s. 6d. through any bookseller, or post free from the publishers.

The Stratford Press, 116 Hope St., Glasgow, C.2

LEISURE is well spent in reading for a DEGREE

One of to-day's problems is that of making the best use of leisure hours. To those who are studiously inclined we suggest that spare time might well be occupied in reading for a Degree; not merely for the material advantages, but also for the widening of outlook and development of mental abilities. Moreover, under experienced and sympathetic guidance study becomes a pleasurable occupation.

London University Degrees are open to all. You need not attend the University. All that is necessary is to pass three examinations; you may study for these at home and in your own time, wherever you are.

Wolsey Hall Postal Courses for the above examinations are conducted by a staff of over 100 Graduate Tutors. These Courses comprise Lessons, Test Papers, Model Answers, correction of your work and solution of *all* difficulties by your tutors. A Guarantee is given that, in the event of failure, tuition will be continued *free*. Fees are reasonable, and may be spread over the period of the Course. More than 14,000 Successes at London University examinations, 1925-50.

Write for PROSPECTUS (saying if your preference is for Arts, Science, Economics, Law or Theology) to C.D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept.VH24

WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD

RECITAL
by
SHULAMITH SHAFIR
(Beethoven—Chopin—Ravel etc.)

KINGSWAY HALL, LONDON
7.30 p.m. 29 March, 1951

In aid of funds of
International Help for Children
and
R.A.F. Escaping Society

TICKETS: PRICES—3/6, 5/-, 7/6, 10/6.
FROM: IBBS & TILLETT, 124, Wigmore Street, W.1.

N.U.S. Travel Department Summer Programme READY NOW!

- **N.U.S. SUMMER TOURS**—walking, climbing, sunning, boating, lazing and sightseeing in Andorra, Austria, France, Germany, Italy, the Low Countries, Scandinavia, South Africa, Switzerland and the United States.
- **N.U.S. INTERNATIONAL WORK CAMPS**—in Europe. For congenial company and an enjoyable vacation, join one of these parties. But if you have your own ideas on travel NUS still can help you:—
- **N.U.S. SPECIAL PARTIES**—If you have already formed a group of friends (15 or more) to travel abroad together ask NUS to make special arrangements—just for you!
- **N.U.S. STUDENT AIR CHARTER** — Trans-Atlantic — Within Europe—to Greece, Turkey and Israel.
- **N.U.S. INDEPENDENT RAIL TOURS**—Travel to a European destination with a NUS party—but when you arrive, paddle your own canoe!

NATIONAL UNION OF STUDENTS TRAVEL DEPARTMENT
3, Endsleigh Street, W.C.1. Telephone: EUSton 2184

and notably one. Acclaimed poets are, and should be (as Kipling was), the defenders and affirmers of human virtue in some form not too far from the norm. They are not explorers of the soul's ultimate mysteries, nor prophets of denunciation. But society as a whole needs poets like Robert Frost as the daily bread of whatever part of our organism it is that does not live by the money-bought kind. To quote Mr. Frost again, poetry is " merely one more art of having something to say, sound or unsound. Probably better if sound because deeper and from wider experience." What he himself writes fulfils this test.

A poem must also, he says, have " wildness " —that is, natural spontaneity ; and its own organic form. " Read it a hundred times ; it will for ever keep its freshness as a metal keeps its fragrance." I have read none of these poems a hundred times, but I found none that I have long known a whit less fresh for rereading. They are not constructed, but living organisms, like the orchids in the meadows, trees, snowdrifts, wild birds, and country people who express themselves in actions, hewing or delving or whetting a scythe, and not in words. Mr. Frost's poems range from lyrics, of the "Georgian" type, through something like eclogues—his most characteristic and telling form—to almost actable masques. Few are pure nature-poems ; they include, rather, human life as part of natural environment, man as a creature of the earth, and at the same time, biblically, its master. Like Adam, Mr. Frost's countrymen are at a perpetual beginning ; they are without a trace of the traditional setting that frames the lives of Hardy's rustics, or the philosophic overtones of Wordsworth ; but Robert Frost does convey a continuity, not of a human society, but of the human species with the earth. We too easily forget an America that lies behind the *New Yorker* cartoons of degenerate tape-worm women and flea-like men, types of the parasite existence of the cities, and it is reassuring in our uprooted world to be reminded that man can take root in virgin soil, and must have done so innumerable times. The woman looking for the first time out of the kitchen window of the remote farm where she will live for the rest of her life is a theme worthy of the Stone Age, and as modern now as then. In a poem entitled *The Gift Outright* Robert Frost writes :

> The land was ours before we were the land's.
> She was our land more than a hundred years
> Before we were her people . . .
> Something we were withholding made us weak
> Until we found out that it was ourselves.

7 BIDE SOON*

" It's a grand Scottish Tobacco—* Dobie's No. 7 Mixture." Wonderful atoma, fine flavour, and only 3/10½d. an ounce. In vacuum tins from all good tobacconists.

*Better Books Gallery,
in Charing Cross Road, specialises in
Reproductions from the French School
Manet to Miro (1865 - 1950) at prices
from 2 gns.*

BOOK BARGAINS!
This week's special offer!
Cassell's English Dictionary.
1340 pages. 5½ x 8½. New and perfect.
Published at 12/6. Our price 8/6 post free.
We have many other bargains. Stamp for lists.
TOWN BOOK SHOP, ENFIELD, MIDDX.
Phone: ENField 4948.

The first full length film from New China to be shown in England
'Daughters of China'
TUESDAY, APRIL 17th, 7 p.m.
SCALA THEATRE, CHARLOTTE ST., W.1.
Tickets 2/6, 5/-, 7/6, 10/6 *from Theatre or from Britain-China Friendship Association,* 17, *Bishops Bridge, Rd., W.2., s.a.e. when applying.*

But when—as here—Robert Frost turns to didacticism or even the simplest generalisations, his magic spell is broken. His generalities are banal, his abstract reflections (as in the two masques, one about Job, the other about Jonah, that conclude this volume) do not go nearly so deep even as philosophy as his physical perceptions. In the particular, he is never wrong—the whisper of the scythe in the falling hay ; the water and berries on blueberry bushes after a shower : the way a man forks handfuls of hay like " big birds' nests," or carries a stone in each hand to build up a dry-stone wall. In this process of taking root, it seems, one blue butterfly can do more to make an American than any amount of rhetoric.

All poems about nature seem to me more delightful to read (not necessarily more inspiring or profound) than other kinds of poems, doubtless because nature is the perpetual Eden to which we are all born, and from which life separates us too cruelly as we grow older. Therefore I read Robert Frost always with delight, and most especially the earlier volumes, perhaps *North of Boston* most of all, for these have more than the later poems that Eden quality. Yeats truly writes of nature: "That is no country for old men," and the Greek philosopher who says that beginnings are better than endings is right in terms of the natural world. Snow, storm, and dereliction play an increasing part in the later volumes, but without any compensating Byzantium into which the soul may sail, any construction of imagination or philosophy, or Holy City, to take the place of the fallen leaves and frozen sap that is all that nature as such offers to old age.

KATHLEEN RAINE

ESCAPE ROUTES

Fish and Company. By RALPH ARNOLD. *Heinemann.* 9*s*. 6*d*.

The Case Against Myself. By GREGORY TREE. *Gollancz.* 9*s*. 6*d*.

Death in Four Colours. By BRANDON BIRD. *Constable.* 9*s*. 6*d*.

Thro' A Glass Darkly. By HELEN McCLOY. *Gollancz.* 8*s*. 6*d*.

The Neat Little Corpse. By MAX MURRAY. *Michael Joseph* 9*s*. 6*d*.

Meat for Murder. By LANGE LEWIS. *Bodley Head.* 8*s*. 6*d*.

Cork on the Water. By MACDONALD HASTINGS. *Michael Joseph.* 9*s*. 6*d*.

Nightmare in Manhattan. By THOMAS WALSH. *Hamish Hamilton.* 8*s*. 6*d*.

Seeing that every Anglo-Saxon reader is busy groping for his escapist book our writers of detection are hardly making the most of their opportunity. If they shirk their responsibilities to their profession, the cream of the traffic will switch over to thrillers. Of the six items of detection on this list only *Fish and Company* can be said to meet our requirements in full; with plausible characters, an adequate motive and, above all, a solution that both fits and explains all that has gone before. The others go in for dramatic, mysterious or exotic effects; but they miss that ultimate click of satisfaction, as the pieces fall into place, which proves that the reader has not been wasting his mental efforts.

Old Lady Malmaynes does not die in her Italian villa until more than halfway through *Fish and Company*; and up till then Mr. Arnold does not put a foot wrong. He assembles such entertaining company at the villa in preparation for the murder that one almost regrets the moment when the fun has to be interrupted by the exigencies of the plot. Thereafter the characters relax while a nondescript person called Mr. Puckle unravels the past with the aid of a family tree. This is a good moment for readers to relax too, having already singled out the villain by guesswork; but they will be glad to notice Mr. Puckle steadily coming to the same conclusion by more reputable methods of deduction. Mr. Arnold has written *Fish and Company* with the exuberance of a novelist; his characters are all too faithfully delineated, if they are intended to mislead. So many of his would-be suspects absolve themselves by their evident charm that he allows himself no margin for villains. This is the only flaw in his equipment.

In *The Case Against Myself* the mistress of a famous American columnist has been poisoned; and the scene opens with the wife on trial for the crime, being defended by an attorney who loves her. The story is told from that variety of angles, so dear to the Americans. We find ourselves flitting from one stream of consciousness to another, as each witness unpacks his thoughts. But the pretentious style soon sags under the weight of crude events, when the loving attorney starts sailing through the air out of a passing motor-car; and the intrusion of a psychoanalyst does nothing to restore confidence. Mystery-man Gregory Tree calls this work a mystery "on three simultaneous levels": the one I recognized was rock bottom.

"As always, the fat hands were slow to move. They reached up, clutching, trying to stop what had already happened . . . The pale hands dropped the knife and grasped the others; held them back. Deliciously, fervently." So ends the fat-handed Art Director on page 2 of *Death in Four Colours,* leaving us to brood over the identity of the pale ones—deliciously, fervently, for another 250 pages, while hurtling from studio to studio. This book has already won a prize in America for its splendid pace and ingenuity. As a fat-handed critic on the lookout for knives I fervently endorse the award.

Miss McCloy's detection belongs to the polished variety complete with Eng. Lit. chapter headings—on this occasion extracted from a poem by Swinburne. Her majestic situation as President of the Mystery Writers of America, coupled with the statement on the dust-jacket that this is her best novel, ought to inspire confidence; but she tries to stretch our credulity too far. Do you believe in *doppelgangers*? Can a person be in two places at once? Unless you answer these questions to Miss McCloy's satisfaction *Thro' A Glass Darkly* fails in its esoteric purpose; for, if you try to account for her strange doings by the path of common sense, you run straight in the Road Up sign: Psychiatrist at Work.

The Neat Little Corpse, floating face-downward in the Caribbean, is the excuse for an exciting adventure story of diving for treasure off the coast of Jamaica. Against the exotic background of Negro superstition, inefficient police, bananas and rum punch Mr. Murray propounds some haphazard murders, for which he seems reluctant to produce an explanation. Some of the characters, however, are delightful, especially the gallant little chap who gets kidnapped; and the casual attitude to the process of detection may be excused by the enervating climate.

Meat for Murder is the best that I can find for those who insist on their murders being made in California, although it lacks the full pungency of the Coast. An eccentric Hollywood vegetarian, surrounded by hounds and bodyguards, is quietly poisoned to death—and his dogs with him; everyone about the premises has a motive and an opportunity. This old stager of a plot is nearly fool-proof; and the long-suffering public can only stipulate that the author decides who is to be the murderer on the first page and not the last. But Miss Lewis, without actually breaking the rules, plays as unfair by the reader as she knows how. In her determination to beat us she drags in irrelevance: the elaborate ground-plans on the frontispiece, for instance, have no connection whatever with the crime. By the time she doles out her choice of a solution we feel so misused that we would gladly close with any offer to end the case.

After a bumpy passage over the ruts of detection the smooth tarmac of thrillers invites us to take a more voluptuous ride. *Cork on the Water* is described by its author as "buchaneering," in honour of John Buchan who inaugurated ex-servicemen's shooting competitions against crooks in the Highland heather. The rattle of firearms among the Cairngorms is the nearest approach to a Chicago gun-fight that our climate permits with any decency. Mr. Hastings writes with great spirit and conviction; and his hero, an elderly insurance manager, will soon be bound North again, I hope, on a similar errand.

Nightmare in Manhettan is the most harrowing kidnapping thriller that I have ever come across. The anxiety as to whether the child will be rescued alive or dead is sustained with enough realism to cause the reader physical discomfort: the fate of the Lindbergh baby stirs in our memory to Mr. Walsh's advantage. I recommend this opportunity for an emotional debauch to those in need of one. RALPH PARTRIDGE

CHILDBIRTH

Eternal Eve. By HARVEY GRAHAM. *Heinemann.* 42*s.*

"Etched on a world-wide canvas over a million years of time, the story of *Eternal Eve* tells of every woman who has ever borne a child." Well, no; it doesn't quite. The normal birth and the successful labour have no place in this immense, sprawling, faintly raffish book. Rather, it is an attempt by a well-informed and cheerful medical journalist (Harvey Graham is the pseudonym of an English doctor active in the medical world though not in practice) to cram the whole history of gynæcology between two covers, and to make it a light entertainment for the general reader.

He does not succeed, since such a synthesis is impossible. A great deal of medical history is heavy going, and in order to tempt the "ordinary man and woman" to whom his preface is addressed, the author has leaned heavily on the abnormal, the sensational and the horrible. The result is a book which, unless one is extraordinarily robust, must often be laid aside during moments of faintness. The illustrations, too, though proper enough in scholarly medical works, should not be too closely examined by the squeamish. Added to this, the author's tone, which sometimes conveys the effect of a nudge and a wink, succeeds in giving a last nightmarish obscene touch, which is not, I dare say, intentional. Instead of *Eternal Eve* (a title to make one wince, in any case) he might, indeed, have called his book *The Horrors and Humours of Childbirth,* since readers who can relish the one will no doubt enjoy the other.

My basic objection to the book rests on this incompatability between subject and manner. Obstetrical details, however "historical," can never without offence make the theme for a professedly popular book. Having said so much which is disobliging, however, one must admit that this tightly stuffed volume contains, as well as a good deal of horror and a good deal of boredom, some interesting matter. (All the same, it is not a book to leave on the parlour table, since any unmarried female who chanced to open it might well fly shrieking to a nunnery.)

For instance, some techniques which we regard as belonging exclusively to modern medicine have apparently been practised for centuries by a few primitive groups. The Thongas of South Africa and the Asiatic Eskimos, two completely unrelated peoples, long ago developed traditional and successful incubation methods for rearing the premature child:

> The South African Thongas placed premature babies in a cocoon made of the leaves of the castor oil plant. This was put into a big pot and exposed to the sun, and the babies thus incubated did well. So did the premature infants of Asiatic Eskimos. The technique here was to take the complete soft skin of one of the larger sea-birds. This was turned inside out and so tied as completely to cover the baby, which was surrounded by the feathers. The whole skin complete with baby was then hung over a lamp in which a small flame was kept burning. The baby was kept like this for as long as four weeks and fed alternately with small quantities of its mother's milk and of oil until at length it was able to suckle and was fit enough to be taken out of its feathery incubator.

These techniques were developed not for any humane reasons, but in accordance with taboos, which accounted a miscarriage at any stage of pregnancy as a tribal disgrace.

Among so many chapters devoted to the early obstetrical use of the hook, the knife and the forceps, it is a relief to come across some famous cases of phantom pregnancies and fraudulent births. These at least had no need to call on the man-midwife with his gruesome armoury; their details may amuse and cannot harrow us. The most celebrated case is that of Joanna Southcott; but I prefer Mary Tofts, who at Godalming in 1726 gave birth to sixteen rabbits. These monstrous births were accompanied by most of the symptoms of normal labour, and engaged the respectful attention of the medical world. (In fairness to the doctors it must be remembered that the man-midwife of that day operated entirely under the bedclothes, with the top blanket knotted round his neck.)

After such bizarre doings the gynæcological scene in the twentieth century must seem comparatively tame; but in fact it provides by far the most interesting chapter in the book. Free of the duty of enlivening history with horror, Mr. Graham here settles down to a sober and encouraging account, and we are left with the comforting conviction that no one has benefited more from the advancement of science than the modern mother and child. Asepsis, anæsthetics, X-ray, radium, birth control, techniques of blood-transfusion, genetics, dietetics and a host of ancillary sciences have contributed to make childbirth, if not entirely safe and painless (that seems eternally unlikely) at least a great deal safer and pleasanter than before. Scientific progress, indeed, in this field seems as genuinely beneficent and real as it did in every department of life half a century ago. MARGARET LANE

LAWN SLEEVES

Letters of Herbert Hensley Henson. Chosen and edited by E. F. BRALEY. *S.P.C.K.* 15*s.*

Throughout his career Hensley Henson was the stormy petrel of Anglicanism. He took a leading part in most of its major controversies—Kikuyu, Disestablishment, the Revised Prayer Book—besides being the centre of innumerable lesser rumpuses of his own making. A non-party man in a church of parties, he remained a fighting Ishmael, bitterly opposed to the Anglo-Catholics, intellectually aloof from the Evangelicals, and temperamentally incapable of becoming, like Randall Davidson, a clerical Trimmer. Henson believed in the Church of England's being a National Church, "professing that Protestant religion which at the Coronation the King vows to maintain." He was a born controversialist, a fair fighter with a fondness for "gloves off" methods and, as Mr. T. S. Eliot has testified, "for vigour and purity of controversial English he has no superior today." However specialist or ephemeral his subject, Henson's prose is always a model of clarity and incision ; his sermons and essays have the sanity and argumentative strength of the great eighteenth-century apologists, and his character had much of that century's impatience with unreason. Theologically, Henson was a moderate ; politically, he was a conservative. Throughout his life he displayed an integrity which, though self-advertised, was entirely sincere. When the report on the Putumayo atrocities in the British-owned Peruvian rubber industry was published in 1912, it was Henson, then rector of St. Margaret's, Westminster, who endangered his preferment by publicly censuring the company's English directors from the pulpit.

As readers of the *Retrospect of an Unimportant Life* will have discovered, Henson was a masterly letter-writer. A new selection of his private correspondence, admirably edited by Canon Braley, has now appeared ; by assembling the writer's quickfire reactions to a variety of human problems and personalities, it provides an admirable portrait of the man himself. Though there is scarcely a dull page in this book, there is little psychological interest and those who like rummaging, after the manner of Lytton Strachey, for skeletons in ecclesiastical cupboards, will be disappointed. Whether he is giving his opinion of the British Israelites, entering a plea for the three-decker pulpit, deprecating Field-Marshal Montgomery's "blending of religion and patriotism," or refusing nudists admission to Holy Communion, Henson's mind is all of a piece ; it has considerable depth, even though it lacks shade.

Few churchmen have ever cleared their minds of cant to such good purpose. An indefatigable commentator on events, Henson is an adept at hitting the nail on the head. Referring to Lang's broadcast on the Abdication, he writes of "its arrogant egotism, its affectation of pontifical moralising, its lack of generous feeling," and, while dismissing the Coronation ceremonial as "almost too remote from the actualities of modern life", he can declare, in 1945 :

> I was on the whole pleased with Fisher's nomination as Archbishop, but if I had seen the picture of the Primate of All England with a pipe in his mouth shamelessly published in the semi-official paper issued under the title "the Spiritual Issues of the War," I might have hesitated before writing a letter of congratulation to him!

Preaching to Royalty, B.B.C. religion, hunting parsons, the use of the crucifix—his mind throws light on every aspect of practical Christianity. Of life, too, in so far as it touches an old man in retirement. He takes in personal press cuttings yet wryly admits that he is subscribing to "a wonderful institution for harnessing human vanity to human greed," and, while deploring the march of psychoanalysis, is disappointed when Havelock Ellis does not return his call. (What a

CHATTO

A
Time
Outworn

VAL MULKERNS

A love story set in Eire in
the 1940's. *9s. 6d.*

The New Phoenix Library

Three new titles have just been published

The Village in the Jungle
LEONARD WOOLF

The Sailor's Return
DAVID GARNETT

Soldiers' Pay
WILLIAM FAULKNER

5s. each volume

& WINDUS

subject a modern Landor would make of such an "Imaginary Conversation"!)

Above all, he is a realist, a prelate worthy of his great predecessor, Joseph Butler, whose dictum—"things and actions are what they are and the consequences will be what they will be: why then should we desire to be deceived"—might well have been Henson's own. On all the major issues affecting the Church of England in recent years—Reunion, religious teaching in the schools and the training of the clergy—his views are grounded in experience and practical possibilities.

JOHN RAYMOND

LAWRENCE ALIVE

D. H. Lawrence. By ANTHONY WEST. *Barker.* 6*s.*

D. H. Lawrence and Human Existence. By WILLIAM TIVERTON. *Rockliff.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Lawrence: "We need books about him," says Mr. T. S. Eliot in his brief introduction to Father Tiverton's study, "by critics who know him only through his works." And here are two: Mr. West's is a critical biography, the latest addition to the English Novelists series, Father Tiverton's an assessment of its subject's achievement from the point of view of a critic who is also a priest. They are both good, and they complement each other to a remarkable degree. Superficially, at any rate, Mr. West's has been the more difficult task; besides considering Lawrence's works, he has had to straighten out and retell the tangled and many-times-told story of his life in something like forty thousand words. He does it brilliantly, in a terse idiomatic prose that stands no nonsense and conveys perfectly his respect and admiration for what Mr. Eliot calls "that dominating, cross-grained and extreme personality." His respect for Lawrence is equalled only by his respect for Frieda. He believes, as Father Tiverton also does, that psychologically Lawrence was a free man and not at all the almost classic instance of the Œdipus complex that he has appeared to so many commentators. His criticism of the works is generally just, and his technical criticism is first-rate; for example, his analysis of Lawrence's prose, as exemplified in *The Man Who Loved Islands,* and of Lawrence's methods of composition particularly the comparison between the famous and prophetic *Letter from Germany* and the rendering of its content in terms of fiction in the story *The Border Line.* Of Lawrence as poet he writes: "Lawrence takes poetry as far as you can go without bothering to learn its technique, or submitting to its mental discipline, as far as you can go by just wanting to be a poet." Like Father Tiverton, he considers *Lady Chatterley* a much under-rated novel.

Then, having done so much and written so well, Mr. West, it seems to me, either loses patience or funks the issue. What, when all is said, does Lawrence's achievement amount to? He achieves "real grandeur" in the short stories, but the novels are unacceptable as great works of art. "The dominating factor in any assessment of Lawrence as a writer is that he was a religious leader first, and a writer second. . . . An æsthetic approach to his work is therefore something of an absurdity." Accordingly, in Mr. West's summing-up, Lawrence appears, if the association is not too incongruous, as the Ruskin of sex. Just as Ruskin's economics, unorthodox as they were, influenced the generations that followed him, so Lawrence's theory of sex has become common property:

> Everyone who, worried by an abnormality of their own or their children's sexual behaviour, treats the thing not as a secret shame but a problem to be discussed frankly with a doctor or psychiatrist is under the influence of Lawrence.

This may or may not be true—for myself I do not believe it is—but in any case it is no adequate summary of Lawrence's achievement. Prophet or poet? For Mr. West, Lawrence is primarily the prophet. But is the case of Lawrence any different fundamentally from those of other romantic poets, Wordsworth, or Shelley, for instance? Don't we, in fact, accept him (and them) as a prophet because we have first of all recognised in him a poet—in the widest sense of the word—of uncommon power and stature? This is where Father Tilverton comes in, for he begins his investigation with a discussion of this very problem and proves, in my view quite conclusively, that "like all great imaginative artists, the living organism of the novel came first to him, and only later came its significance, its 'purpose'". Lawrence, in other words, acted on the principle that all novelists and poets must follow: How do I know what I think till I see what I say?

For Mr. West, Lawrence is finished, done with; as Ruskin would be if we interpreted him wholly in terms of *Unto This Last* and ignored *Modern Painters.* For Father Tiverton, he is very much alive, and it is one of the virtues of his book that he relates him to modern religious and existentialist philosophers. I find the following, for instance, very suggestive:

> When his writing is at its best—and the style is the criterion for that—it is a demonstration *in concreto* that, in Martin Buber's words, "all real life is meeting," whether a meeting of man with woman or a meeting of creature with creature.

Father Tiverton, in fact, sees Lawrence as an artist who was essentially a religious writer. This is the basis of his whole criticism. It enables him to spot the weakness of *Lady Chatterley's Lover,* indeed of the Lawrentian philosophy of sex:

> He tries to restore the gods by reviving the vital phallic relation of man and woman. This is like trying to cure a cancer by prescribing gymnastic exercises: the inability to do exercises may be a symptom of cancer, and the cure of the cancer may restore the ability; but the cancer cannot be cured *by* the exercises.

And the cancer, of course, is what Father Tiverton calls the "fissure *of being.*" It was this that obsessed Lawrence throughout his life; against it he preached wholeness, organic connectedness. If he never found it—at least to the satisfaction of anyone besides himself—it made him, as Father Tiverton observes, "an astonishing diagnostician of life. His sensitive nose could smell death a mile away"; and perhaps his real achievement was that more than any other writer of this century he showed us what was dead in our society and in our human relationships. One way he did this was by showing us life. He was the ritualist of life. It is the recognition of this, it seems to me, that leads Father Tiverton to a true appreciation of those most remarkable novels, *The Rainbow* and *Women in Love,* which Mr. West will have nothing to do with.

Lawrence, of course, was not a Christian; but, as Father Tiverton shows, his diagnosis of what is wrong with our society and ourselves was similar to the Christian diagnosis. He was, in fact, closer to the Christians than he would ever have liked to believe. For Father Tiverton, naturally enough, the tragedy of Lawrence was "that he was never introduced to anyone who could have given him an inkling of the ontological emphasis in authentic Christian and Catholic tradition." If only, Father Tiverton dreams, he could have spent a few hours with the Baron von Hügel . . . Unfortunately, the dissenting ministers of Lawrence's Eastwood childhood, who were so highly regarded by Lawrence's mother, were not von Hügels; and if Christianity "lost" Lawrence then the blame must fall on the Church more heavily than on Lawrence. But Father Tiverton, without budging from his faith, makes handsome amends. Reading him, it is impossible not to recall a passage in the journal of the greatest of contemporary Christian novelists M. Mauriac records how Lawrence was one pointed out to him at a party. "It is so sad now," he comments, "to think that I might have been able to say: 'We are as far removed from one another as two writers of the same age well can be. But, for all that, dear Lawrence, I admire you, I know all about you, I love you'". And perhaps they were not so far removed from one another as M. Mauriac thinks

WALTER ALLEN

Gleneagles
PERTHSHIRE
Britain's Distinguished Hotel
for Fashionable Recreation
which attracts its clientele
from all over the world
★
OPEN EASTER TO OCTOBER
Enquiries for accommodation will receive the personal attention of the Resident Manager.
The Hotels Executive, British Transport, London, N.W.1

COLDS & 'FLU SLEEPLESSNESS RHEUMATIC PAIN HEADACHES NERVINESS NEURALGIA
THEY ALL YIELD TO 'ASPRO'
SORE THROAT
The medicine of MANY USES!
We detail above some very familiar everyday ills. They have many and varied symptoms, but one thing they have in common—they all yield to 'ASPRO'. The safe, swift action of 'ASPRO' against a whole host of these and similar troubles never ceases to astonish people. **"How is it,"** they ask, **"that one single medicine is able to do all this**—to dispel colds so quickly, to reduce temperature, to bring blessed relief to people suffering from pain, to bring sweet sleep to the sleepless?" The explanation is simple enough—**'ASPRO' works in sympathy with the body, not against it.** After all, it is Nature which does the healing and 'ASPRO', by acting as an anti-pyretic or fever-reducer, as an analgesic or pain-reliever, as a sedative or sleep-producer, is able to give Nature the "breathing space" it needs.
LET 'ASPRO' DEAL WITH THESE ILLS AND CHILLS!
'ASPRO' REG. TRADE MARK Made by ASPRO LIMITED, Slough, Bucks

MAKE WRITING YOUR HOBBY THIS YEAR
So many mean to take up writing—so few do. The London School of Journalism, founded under distinguished patronage and staffed by experts, has helped many to start this profitable career. Advice free, fees low send for a free copy of "Writing for the Press."
Prospectus Office—London School of Journalism, 57, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1 *MUSeum 4574.*
"Whenever you think of writing, think of the L.S.J."

Ex-Service Movement for Peace
NATIONAL CONFERENCE
Battersea Town Hall
10 *a.m. Saturday* 24 *and Sunday* 25 *March*
Credentials at doors. ◆ *Visitors* 1/-
MASS RALLY FOR PEACE
Sunday 25 March. Hyde Park. 3.30 p.m.

SO MILD SO COOL
Smokers Mix
Herbal Compound
. . . suitable for Pipe or Cigarette
9/- per ounce Postage 2½d.
8 ounces for 8/- Postage free.
P.O. to "SMOKERS MIX"
2 Covered Market Arcade
8 Broad St., Reading, Berks

NEW NOVELS

Conjugal Love. By ALBERTO MORAVIA. *Secker & Warburg.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

A Hero of To-day. By VASCO PRATOLINI. *Hamish Hamilton.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

The End of the Corridor. By MICHAEL MEYER. *Phœnix House.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Few young or youngish writers have promised so much as Moravia and for so long, for he was only twenty-two when his first book appeared in 1922. Pot-boilers apart, successive novels have shown him to be better equipped with the attributes of a first-rate novelist than any other Italian (Silone, so admired here, is a less distinguished writer in every way), and to be the potential equal of any European of his generation. His most valuable resource has been an incomparable instinct for the life, or what passes for the life, of his time, and in particular for its pathological manifestations. And yet few writers have failed to fulfil such promise, failed—what is so sad—by such a miniscule margin. Maybe this is because he has dissipated himself in so many inconclusive experiments. Has he not been led astray at different times by writers as diverse as Kafka, Maupassant and Petronius, and by such un-Italian movements as Surrealism and Existentialism (though, in a manner of speaking, he anticipated Sartre)? Moreover, like many Italian writers, he has had to earn his living as a journalist—and not as a literary journalist, either. In the same way that he has never committed himself for long to a specific literary manner, he has never entirely committed himself to a political creed. He has written of the value of Communism as a mystique, but he has been careful to keep his books—most of which have been vehicles for social criticism—non-partisan and free of messages.

In the past Moravia was alternately praised and condemned for his cynicism and disillusionment, but his latest book, *Conjugal Love*, represents an abrupt change of attitude. Blistering attacks on corruption, squalor and hypocrisy—most social evils at most social levels—have been replaced by a cool detachment and an epicureanism that is almost French. Moravia's preoccupation with sex is the only one of his old traits that remains; even his cynicism has been tempered. Briefly this is the story of another eternal triangle—a man, his love and his art (or work). It is told in the first person by a middle-aged dilettante with some pretensions to being a writer. This neurotic and rather selfish creature falls in love for the first time and eventually marries a silly, attractive woman. The marriage works well, because it is a success physically. It only breaks down when the pair retire to a villa in Tuscany, so that the husband can write a story. There he finds creative work impossible if he sleeps nightly with his wife, and so they agree to break off marital relations for a time. A fatal decision which does not prevent the husband's story from being worthless and merely drives the wife to seek physical satisfaction in the arms of a repulsive local satyr (her husband's barber—is this symbolic?). Moravia's *nouvelle*—it is no more than that—ends with a curious sort of reconciliation. *Conjugal Love* is an attempt to pin down a key situation, and it might have succeeded as a *tour de force*, if the author's approach had been less cold and deliberate. For all its technical accomplishment, for all its subtlety and sophistication, it is a little dead, a superb exercise and nothing more. Moravia has tried to bring off a second *Adolphe*, but he has missed.

Although Pratolini is by no means such a good writer nor so perceptive a thinker, it is nevertheless interesting to compare him with Moravia because he writes in much the same vein of social criticism that Moravia favoured until recently, also he delights in probing many of the same sores. *A Hero of To-day*, like Moravia's *Agostino*, is a study of adolescent sexuality, only at its most dissolute. Virginia, young and attractive, though a widow, is so simple, so pathologically shy and suspicious of the world that she rejects any contact with other tenants in her block of flats. However, one morning she is woken up by erotic whimpers from the room next door, and in consequence develops an obsession for her neighbour's sixteen-year-old son, Sandrino. This cherubic-looking boy appears to be his mother's darling, yet he is in fact an ex-Fascist legionary, as vicious, unprincipled and mercenary as any of the riff-raff that throng the *gallerias* of Italy. Listen to him describing his ideal woman:

> "First she resists, and then she lets you gradually kill her, bit by bit. . . . For me having a woman is like killing her. I want the feeling of having something that defends itself and that you slowly crush and crush and crush until the life's crushed out of it." As he said these words he kept striking his thigh with his fist. "Crush," he said, "crush"; and all the time his face remained angelic. . . .

What more willing murderee than Virginia? Signor Pratolini describes her humiliation in loving detail. Sandrino robs her and is appallingly cruel to her; yet she only aches for him the more. Even when he finds another girl, with whom he develops a more normal relationship, she forces her way back into his life, bent on being his victim. The sacrificial ending is inevitable. An ugly little tale which would have been better left undecorated. But Signor Pratolini has embellished it with naive digressions along party lines, put into the mouths of a pair of party dummies. A tract for the times? No, at least surely not as the author intended. The political padding merely cushions the impact, and the only message that gets through obliquely glorifies a very different party. Apart from this and apart from the oppressively sexual atmosphere, the sentiment and the sensationalism, which can only be described as childish, *A Hero of To-day* is a vivid account of a contemporary melodrama.

Some time ago I complained in these columns that there was nothing more boring to read about than a normal middle-class childhood. Correspondents drew my attention with some asperity to such works as *David Copperfield*, *Little Women* and *Sinister Street*, though none of these constitute my idea of a *normal*—or should one say conventional—childhood. Now here is Mr. Meyer to prove my point, for so long as *The End of the Corridor* remains a dead-pan account of Adrian Derwent's nurse-ridden childhood in Regent's Park (Mr. Meyer calls this section *Paradiso*) and of his boyhood at private and public schools (*Purgatorio* this phase), it has the colour and texture of grey flannel. The dullness is only alleviated by the "abnormalities" of the third section (*Inferno*), in which Adrian has a rather harmless affair with another schoolboy and a purer, if less straightforward, relationship with an enlightened young master who "possessed a first-class brain in the full sense of the adjective" and who knew "Auden, Day Lewis, Spender and MacNeice . . . all of them well." This first novel is narrated in a confusing way, and much of it hangs rather loosely together; yet Mr. Meyer's treatment of the immature dramas and problems of pubescence is fresh and sensitive.

JOHN RICHARDSON

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,100

Set by Naomi Lewis

The Municipal Court at Boston, Massachusetts, has ruled that a local school was justified in dismissing its English teacher on the grounds of reading "profane and obscene material" to its classes. The material read included *The Journey of the Magi* by T. S. Eliot, *Sumer is icumen in*, and a poem by Ezra Pound. Competitors are invited to submit the report of a similar committee on any poem in *The Golden Treasury* or *The Oxford Book of English Verse*, explaining why it is unsuitable for school use. Entries by April 3rd.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,097

Set by Richard Lister

Six guineas in prizes are offered for the title and opening paragraphs (up to 200 words) of a new novel outlining a modern Utopia.

NICE
NIGHT FLIGHTS
£25 RETURN

4-Engine Air France Skymasters to the Riviera this Summer for £25, return! Leave London 10.00 p.m. Arrive Nice 1.40 a.m. Still time for a night's sleep. Immediate connections to other Riviera holiday resorts. Also direct day services or EPICUREAN via Paris.

Return fare from London

PARIS by "EPICUREAN"	£14	8	0	AJACCIO (Corsica)	£35	15	0
PARIS, off peak	£10	0	0	ALGIERS	£45	17	0
DINARD (Brittany)	£11	11	0	LISBON	£52	4	0
LE BAULE (Brittany)	£15	3	0	CASABLANCA	£64	4	0
PALMA (Marjorca)	£44	14	0	CAIRO	£133	4	0

Your Travel Agent will give details and arrange bookings to all Continental resorts.

AIR FRANCE
The 4-Engine Service
82 HAYMARKET, LONDON, S.W.1
(Phone: WHItehall 0971)

Give Happiness at
EASTER

That is what your Easter gift means . . . happiness and peace of mind for some of the sorrowing and distressed.

For almost 70 years, the varied activities of the Church Army have brought to such as these the material comfort and solace which inspire a renewed, stronger faith in mankind.

Without your Christian compassion and generosity, the Church Army are unable to help. Do please support this great work with an Easter gift to Rev. E. Wilson Carlile, General Secretary, The Church Army, 55, Bryanston Street, W.1.

CHURCH ARMY
FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT

a small business
IN SPARE TIME

U.K. and Overseas Agencies offer a pleasant remunerative spare-time business, easily managed and fascinating to operate, providing additional income.

Procedure is simple: a short but complete postal course shows you how to organise, start, operate and expand. You start immediately: all addresses—at home and overseas—are supplied. You work at home, through the post (entirely by correspondence).

Please ask for "BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES," the free explanatory brochure. A stamp will be appreciated.

ANTHONY WADE
14, Blenheim Terrace, London, N.W.8
Canada: C. A. Hallpike, Esq., 720, Spadina Avenue, Toronto

for a nicer tea have
'BERMALINE'
Bread and Butter

SUMMER
SCHOOL OF MUSIC
BRYANSTON, Dorset

Director of Music : William Glock

Secretary : John Amis

August 11—September 1

FESTIVAL — HOLIDAY — TEACHING

Elisabeth Schumann

Gonzalo Soriano

Denis Matthews

Earl of Harewood

William Glock

Amadeus Quartet

Kalmar Orchestra conducted by
Roger Desormiere

Send stamp for Illustrated Prospectus to :
29, Holland Villas Road, London, W.14

A HOLIDAY
IN THE SUN
at Cannes on the
French Riviera—
15 days including excursions; comfortable travel £40 all inclusive. One of 60 centres at home and abroad.
C.H.A. (Dept. J)
Birch Heys, Fallowfield, Manchester, 14

WAYFARERS
HOLIDAYS ABROAD
Our illustrated programme contains details of attractive holidays in many countries, nearly all at considerably lower prices than last year.
May we send you a copy?
THE WAYFARERS TRAVEL AGENCY LTD.
(Est. 1920), 33, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1
Telephone—EUSton 4181

Meet the Scientist
at Broomlee Camp, Nr. Edinburgh. Prominent Scientists from British Association Annual meeting will lecture to Students of all ages. August 4th—18th inclusive. 25 acres grounds. Excellent accommodation for 200. £3 10. 0. p.w. Leader: Ritchie Calder, C.B.E.
WTA 49, Gillingham St., London, S.W.1

Hand Built RADIOGRAMOPHONE Equipment
INDIVIDUALLY DESIGNED FOR THOSE WHO SEEK PERFECTION AT A REASONABLE COST
EXISTING INSTRUMENTS REBUILT TO MODERN HIGH FIDELITY STANDARDS
UNIVERSAL ELECTRONIC PRODUCTS
36, Marylebone High Street, London, W.1
WELbeck 4058

Report by Richard Lister

Up till our day Utopia has commonly suggested a land imaginably happy. But to most competitors it now means a land made unimaginably awful by the developments of applied science. Whether this represents a sign of grace (they are emerging from the phantasy stage) or a sign of despair (they can't even imagine happiness) I can't decide. But I'm sure there's a moral in it somewhere. The technical difficulties of the competition were to combine a novel opening with an indication of the direction the Utopian imaginings would take. Most competitors tried to cram in too much so that they read more like a synopsis or a blurb. The runners-up were : Mary Robertson, P. M., H. A. C. Evans, D. R. Peddy, Allan M. Laing and R. La Roche. Two guineas each to Granville Garley and J. R. Till. Half a guinea consolation to the others printed.

DUNROVIN

" No books ? " I said. " No books," said Pinwob. " No music ? " I said. " No music," said Pinwob. " No paintings ? " I said. " No paintings," said Pinwob. " And no politics ? " " No. And no plays. No radio. No bridge." " Then what the hell does one talk about ? " " No talking except when not more than two or three of the same sex are gathered together." " And what the hell does one think about ? Thought can't be controlled. Or can it ? " " *Can't* it ? " said Pinwob. " This script isn't by Swift or Butler or even Huxley. It isn't Oceana or Animal Farm. This is Dunrovin, the Sanctuary of the Common Man. Nice name, Dunrovin. Symbolic. This is it. Air conditioned. Permanent sets. Colour by gorgeous Culture-Bar Ltd. No money. No sex. No thinking. No spitting. Everything found. Everything down-pointed. Paradise *Plus*." " I've come to the wrong Odeon," I said. " Me—I only like Humphrey Bogart. I'm too good for all this goodness. Lead me down brother." " Too late," said Pinwob, " Here They come." And by God, here They did . . .

GRANVILLE GARLEY

NEITHER NOR

At five in the afternoon, a few weeks after the passing of the Prohibition Act (Petrol, Telephones, Soft Drinks and Hard Times), a man sprang from the saddle of his horse, walked into the bar parlour of " The Two Jolly Highbrows and the Third," and, speaking Renaissance French, ordered a large Burgundy from Popsie the barmaid—a State-aided part-time research worker in the erotic imagery of Peruvian poets but nevertheless a full-time blonde from birth.

" Mate in two moves," muttered a yokel, quaffing his champagne existentially over the chessboard and casting a renovated eye over a chorus-ending from Euripides.

There was complete silence for ten minutes.

" So long ! " said the traveller adding with a logic that was also positive, " Can't keep the Cabinet waiting."

Galloping away in the direction of " The Old on the Spree," the Minister thought out his speech on Alcoholic Rearmament ; and back at " The Two Jolly Highbrows and the Third " a parrot flew out of its cage crying, " Pretty Poll off to Night School—Night School—NIGHT SCHOOL ! "

Only the moon was tremulous with old-world *Angst*.

J. R. TILL

EUBIA

" Hello ! " shouted the young man as Harry scrambled out of the cockpit of his plane. " Isn't it a glorious day ! I don't recognise the cut of your wing. Where do you spring from ? "

Harry began to explain nervously that he had made a forced landing, but he was interrupted.

" Not that it matters. Come over and meet the boys and girls. My name's Tony. What's yours ? "

" Harry."

" You're welcome, Harry. We're doing a spring ballet. It's fun. Do you dance ? "

Harry mumbled a non-committal reply to this surprising question. As they walked over towards the white buildings he saw a crowd of people disporting themselves with complete abandon, waving their arms and singing at the tops of their voices. It was extremely absurd, yet delightful.

" What's going on ?" Harry asked. " Is it a gala or something ? "

Tony looked puzzled.

" Oh, we're just carrying on as usual, you know. Passing the time. Animal spirits."

" Don't the authorities object ? "

" Object ? Why should they ? "

" Is today a holiday ? "

" Never heard of it."

" Don't you do any work here ? "

" Work ! You mean—waste our time doing what we don't like *to please each other* ? There's none of that nonsense here ! "

A. M. SAYERS

THE CLIMBING WAVE

Leonard, tired but happy, had arrived in Keinarbeit. His train passed through Butler Province, with its farms of self-rearing sheep, and Fourierville, famous for its Phalansteries of Idleness. At midnight, he found himself at Thelema, the capital—its motto " Do What you Will," in Keinarbeitish simplified spelling, streaming across the sky. And here, too, was Cousin Marcia. She led him quickly to her car, a People's Superjeep, and Leonard had his first sight of the city. Folk-dancers crowded the sidestreets, and charabancs rushed by to neon-lighted football grounds.

" It's marvellous," said Leonard, " I shall enjoy it when I have had some sleep." " Sleep ? Oh, Leonard, we must be at the Opera by two. You see, the Government insists that we enjoy *all* our leisure, and our family record is very good so far. The children have won prizes in shock-players' competitions. But if you don't join in at once, we might be suspected of harbouring a work-deviationist ! "

They had arrived outside Marcia's house. Fatigue and disillusion were too much for Leonard. He fainted, and the sound-waves caused by his fall, reaching a neighbouring First Aid Post, set in motion a stretcher which wheeled itself noiselessly towards him . . .

NORA WHITE

SMOKE OF DESTRUCTION

Here is this building with me inside it. An ashlar cube in Pimlico Village, not well placed enough to escape the contamination of shops and bars, spreading like feelers from the nearby hamlet of Victoria. An impression of flowering window-boxes ; streaks of workaday soot, between which the stonework is like grey pudding. A Community Centre—a thing of parts and functions. Parts that do not cling ; parts that, since Decentralisation, take a pride in not clinging. Functions that end on the frontiers of sense ; for each, as people now recognise, has its human guardian, and is therefore an outpost of dream and passion.

Below my window the street sounds damp. The village policeman blows his whistle ; it is a motor-car that has been allowed in from the ring-artery ; possibly a paraplegic's. I hear the cows lowing in

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
Yearly, 32s. 6d. ; Six months, 16s. 3d. ; Three months, 8s. 6d. to any address in the world.

AIR MAIL
to any country in Europe, £2 15s. yearly (except Poland and Iceland, £3).
To other countries by special quotation.

AIR EXPRESS
Posted immediately on arrival at main airport.
Africa, West, £3. South and East £3 5s.
India, Pakistan, £3 12s. Singapore, Malaya, £3 15s.
Hong Kong, £4. Australia, £5.
New Zealand, £5 5s.
All AIR Subscriptions pro rata for six months

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
10, Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Holborn 8471.

CANADA & U.S.A.
Residents in North America may remit for surface or Air Express subscriptions to :
BRITISH PUBLICATIONS Inc.
150, East 35th Street, N.Y.16, N.Y.
Surface, $5.50 yearly. Air Express, $15 yearly.
Both pro rata for six months.

POSTAGE *on this issue Inland, 1½d.; Foreign, 1½d. Canada, 1d.*

Warwick Square. Next door, our press is printing the morning's news-letter. I glance across the road: the local prostitute still sleeps.

The telephone rings.

"Fitton? Earlwicker here. The City's on the warpath . . ."

"Westminster?"

"M-m. Want to send a delegation about the smoke from our destructor."

"Going to be awkward," I said. "*They're* all ancient monuments; *we're* all residential."

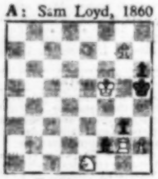
MARTIN JORDAN

CHESS: Bullets in Mafeking

No. 77

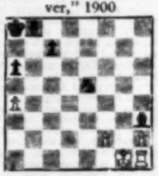
The story really goes back to 1713 when Charles XII, besieged at Bendery by the Turks played chess with Grothusen, his Minister. Sam Loyd composed this problem to illustrate his story. The Swedish King (White) had just announced a mate in 3, when a Turkish bullet swept his Kt off the board. "Well," said Charles, "I shall need four moves now." He reached for his RP, but it was shot out of his hand. "The enemy seems to be on your side," said the King nonchalantly to his Minister, "but I can still mate you in 5." How did he do it? Competitors can earn 2 ladder-points for each of the two frustrated mates, and 3 for the slightly more difficult one, not thwarted by the Turks.

A: Sam Loyd, 1860

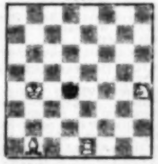


During the siege of Mafeking Loyd's story inspired our Problem B, with two brave British Sergeants as the heroes and three Boer bullets as the villains of the piece. Black was about to mate with his Kt when it was shot out of his hand. "It's still a mate in 2," said the Sergeant, when another bullet swept his RP off the board. Having just worked out an alternative mate in 3 the Sergeant calmly saw his K shot off. "I can do without it," he said, "but it will take four moves now." (2 points each for the frustrated mates, 3 for the real one).

B: "Reading Observer," 1900

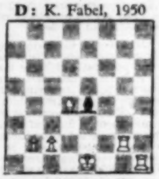


C: P. Willmann, 1950

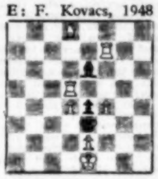


In C—for 3 points each—competitors are to devise the shortest way to administer mate with the R, B or Kt respectively. It might be helpful to know that it takes at least 5 moves with the R, 4 with the B and only 3 with the Kt.

D: K. Fabel, 1950



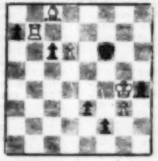
E: F. Kovacs, 1948



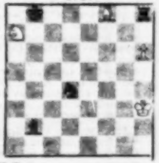
The omission of the Black K in D is no oversight. The question is where it should be posted to be mated by White's next move. This is not quite as easy as it looks, and to earn all of 4 points competitors are also expected to point out why a certain spot most obvious at first glance is *not* the proper place for the displaced monarch. Since it has come to be traditional for this column to provide a beanfeast for the point-garnerers on any "long week-end," E is a pretty little 3-mover to provide a modest 5 points towards the grand total maximum of 50 obtainable for those competitors who are prepared to devote a substantial part of their Easter leisure to such noble purpose.

After so much frivolity the more seriously-minded competitors must not be disappointed. Here are two studies, sure to be worth their while and worthy of their steel. They may well be under-rated with 8 points each. F is a win for White, G a draw.

F: W. A. Korolkov, 1935



G: J. de Villeneuve, 1923



Usual prizes, entries by April 2.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set March 3

A: (1) B-Kt7 ch, RxB, (2) R-B8 ch, R-Kt1, (3) Kt-B7 mate.

B: (1) Kt-K2, PxKt, (2) B-K5ch, K-Kt8. (3) R-Kt6 ch, K-B8, (4) B-B4 ch, K-Q8, (5) R-Q6 ch, K-K1, (6) B-Kt3 ch, K-B8, (7) R-B6 ch, K-Kt8, (8) B-R2 ch, K-B8, (9) B-QB5 ch, K-K8, (10) B-Kt4 ch, K-Q8, (11) R-Q6 ch, K-B8, (12) B-R3 ch, K-Kt8, (13) R-Kt6 ch, K-R8, (14) B-K7, followed by B-B6 ch.

C: (1) R-R1 ch, K-Q7, (2) R-R2 ch, K-K8, (3) K-Kt3, R-Q1, (4) R-R1 ch, K-K7! (5) RxR, R-Kt1 ch, (6) K-B4, P-K4 ch, (7) K-K4, R-Kt5 ch, (8) K-B5! KxR, (9) R-Kt3 ch, etc. If (6) . . . R-B1 ch, (7) K-K4! RxR, (8) R-Kt2 ch, etc.

No competitor failed to solve **A**, and few were stumped by **B** (which, of course, is a mate in 18 rather than 15 moves). But the Rinck study proved even more difficult than I expected. G. R. Frankland, W. T. Maccall, G. Roblin, and A. Schneider got full marks for seeing one of the two lines, but the prizes (augmented by the 2nd third of the vouchers unawarded the week before last) are shared by those who saw the rather neat "echo," too—Eric Allan, D. E. Cohen, C. Sandberg, H. Zygalski.

Among the few who qualified for a share of last week's prizes, J. R. Harman's name was inadvertently omitted.

ASSIAC

PERSONAL

TO let: Spacious houseboat permanently moored river bank, Walberswick, Suffolk. 3 mins. from sea, equipped for 3. Fortnight 6gns. May-July. Box 1936.

CORNWALL. New caravan to let; sleeps 4, gas cooking and lighting. Ample water; Elsan. Close sands near Bude. 4-8gns. weekly. Box 1928.

HOLIDAY staff wanted July 27-Sept. 14. Group leaders, matron's assistants, cook (professional) and domestic workers. Parents with children over 5 welc. Odam Hill School & Children's Farms, S. Molton, Devon.

VOLUNTARY workers urgently needed, to visit, help run club, and assist generally in Old People's Welfare Organisation. North London borough. Offers to Box 2131.

TYPING Appeals: Hon. typist wanted for help (holiday hospitality). Fruitarian Society, Doddington, Kent.

DUBLIN: to let furn. house (3 bedrooms, etc.), every modern conv. 3*d*. fare City. June £20, July, Aug. £25 each. O'Connor, 37 Furry Park, Raheny, Dublin, Eire.

CARAVAN. 4-berth. Calor gas. Pleasant country. 4gns. weekly. Inner Siege, Ullingswick, Hereford.

LONDON. Furn. fam. flat available July 23/Aug. 11. 5½gns. weekly. Box 2094.

CONTINENTAL Car Tour, 2 pers. wtd.; share expenses; July 21-Aug. 5. Box 1862.

SMALL group of venturers sk. suitable transport for Continental hol. Box 1834.

FURNISHED cottage by Cornish beach to let for holidays. Vacant until July 28. 3 bed., bath., w.c., etc. Box 1944.

MOTHER with backward child (5-7) offered accommodation with board and education in small seaside school. Box 1950.

MOTORING to Rome via Riviera mid-May, two seats available, share expenses. Box 1979.

WILL those interested in the founding of an isolated island colony which may provide a refuge from the horrors of "civilisation" send a stamped envelope to Box 1987.

COTE d'Azur, to let in picturesque mountain village, sea view, charmingly furn., 2-rm. s.-c. flatlet, mod., comf. Box 1991, or 'phone PRImrose 4485.

SMALL Junior Boarding and Day School, in beautiful Kent village near Tunbridge Wells, seeks transfer purchaser for next September term. Mod. rent. Box 1874.

RUSSIAN, German, French, by professional teacher. Oral and post. Ness, 8 Flat, 102 Great Titchfield St., W.1.

PERSONAL—continued

CAMBRIDGE Graduate (Law & English), Chinese, 28, writer, seeks flat for 3, and interesting literary job (together/separate, town/country). Has own typewriter, m./bike, cameras. Qualified photographer & mechanic. Intsts.: birds, music, nature. Box 1981.

OXFORD Undergraduate (Schools June) seeks employment Aug.-Oct. incl. Anywhere, any capacity. Box 1990.

EXPERIENCED bi-lingual secretary (French and English shorthand) seeks part-time work. Box 1995.

YOUNG Woman student seeks 6-8 weeks work from July. Box 2017.

FRENCH family receive paying guests all the year in country house near Paris; 600 francs a day. Mme. Maheu, La Vallée, Milon-la-Chapelle, Seine et Oise.

WOMAN (48) experienced traveller, seeks another (f) as companion for cheap holidays abroad; expenses shared. Box 1875.

ADVENTUROUS Dominion ex-stud. (f) sks. companions (f) hitch-hike/cycle/work across Europe; keen com. Spring. Box 1885.

WANTED for August or part of, house with 3 bedrooms by the sea exchange for one similar North of London. Box 2060.

AGENT with £2,000 reqd. by established publicity firm for purpose of issuing new jazz records. Ready market. Box 2003.

SUSSEX. For quiet holiday. Comf. furn. garden hut, electricity. Also bed-sitting room in house. Box 1927.

IMPECUNIOUS but æsthetic? Complete antique furnishing schemes undertaken in the elegant, earthy, or baroque, at absurdly low cost and client's exact advance quotation. Write Margery Dean, B.A., Wivenhoe, Essex.

EXPERIENCED teacher, lit. intell. background, living method for Russian, French & English. Consid. coaching or translat. in London or Brighton. Write: N. Gillot, 10 Hanover Cres., Brighton 7, Sussex.

STATE Registered Nurse offers hospitality and care for convalescence and to the aged. Lovely house. HAM. 2282.

FRENCH and German lessons by graduate teacher, English for foreigners, coaching in all subjects to School Certificate. Mrs. Schafer, 5 Howard Rd., N.W.2. Tel.: GLA. 3879.

DO you suffer from nerves? Try Nerve manipulation, a therapy of proved value in conditions of nervous tension and exhaustion, fatigue and physical debility. Mr. Stephen, 1 Bentinck St., London, W.1. Tel. Welbeck 9600.

PERSONAL—continued

PARENTS. From July we can give your children a secure and happy country home plus excellent education in small family group 5-11 yrs. Nervous or lonely children particularly welcome, also older children in hols. Write Lane, Taylor's Wynd, By Forfar, Angus.

STOKE House Crafts Centre, nr. Bletchley (Tel. 127). Refresher Courses Apr. 1-7; 8-14. Weaving 4-wks. Course Apr. 29-May 19; 2-wks. Course Apr. 23-May 7; 1-wk. Course Apr. 15-22. 3 Summer Schools in Pottery, Weaving and other crafts, July 22-Aug. 4; Aug. 5-18; Aug. 19-Sept. 1. Further particulars from Principal.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

INSTANTANEOUS French from a few minutes' daily play with Vocabulet cards. 6*s*. 6*d*., Florestan Co., 36 Downside Rd., Sutton, Surrey.

COOK'S Escorted Luxury Motor Coach Tours are backed by 110 years' experience of travel. Choice of 11 skilfully planned itineraries embracing 11 countries; examples: 9 days' holiday to Brussels, Lucerne, Interlaken, Paris, etc., 42gns.; 14 days' holiday to Lucerne, Interlaken, Montreux, Geneva, Paris, etc., 55gns. Departures throughout the season commencing May 3. Apply: Thos. Cook & Son, Ltd., Dept. I/C/FZ, Berkeley St., London, W.1, or any of 68 branches, or offices of Dean & Dawson, Ltd.

CORSICA. An enchanting fortnight under canvas amongst the pines by the Mediterranean. Perfect climate and wonderful scenery. Swimming, games, dancing, etc. Good food. By air from London, including 2 nights in Paris, £56. Also individual holidays arranged. Pomfrey & Partners, Ltd. (Corsica Tourist Office), 22 Bury Place, W.C.1. HOL. 4846.

PARIS—with a difference. Specially planned, flexible programmes for individuals or small groups in company with cultured Parisians. Sleeping in a comfortable hotel, you can, if you wish, see Paris as an unusually privileged visitor under the ægis of Pomfrey & Partners, Ltd., 22 Bury Place, London, W.C.1. HOL. 4846.

FELLOW travellers invited to join holiday parties in Italy, Switzerland, France and Austria, or to proceed in splendid isolation. Harold Ingham, 15 St. John's Rd., Harrow. Harrow 1040.

P.S. Bill has fixed to go to Menton and says why don't you try it this Summer. He says Harold Ingham will advise you if you write to him at 15 St. John's Rd., Harrow, or look him up or give him a ring, Harrow 1040. P.P.S.—Phyllis was pleased with the holiday this chap arranged for her in Italy.

PERSONAL—continued

RAMBLERS' Holiday advertisement is on page 344 this week. Have you read it?

CORSICA. The best value that you can have this summer: return air fare, London-Calvi (direct) and fortnight at delightful Anglo-French Camp de l'Horizon on the magnificent bay of Calvi for £35 10s. Continuous sunshine, good food, perfect freedom. Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146 Fleet St., London, E.C.4. Telephone: City 7163/4.

GRAND Four Countries Tour, including Rhine by boat and seven days in Switzerland. 15 days 43gns. Ask for details of this and other holidays at home and abroad. Allways Travel, 17 Sicilian Avenue, W.C.1. CHA. 6436/7.

DISCOVERY for a wonderful holiday: Bregenz, Austria, on Lake Constance, with excursions into three countries. 14-day tour 26gns. inclusive travel, hotel/board, etc. Also many other expertly planned tours: Spain, from £24 for 10 days, Riviera, Italy, Paris, etc. Write for brochures: Bridge Tours (NS), 59 Crawford St., London, W.1. (Tel.: Ambassador 4434).

APRIL holiday? Come and join a Spring cruise through Holland in tulip time, or visit North Italian towns and Switzerland with a small party of professional people. Also house- and weekend-party, Hampshire, March 26 to April 2. Full details of Spring and Summer arrangements from Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. Ken. 0911.

CANAL Cruising Co., Ltd., Stone, Staffordshire, have good cruisers, sleeping 2-6 people, wide choice of routes in lovely scenery.

BEE-line to Austria. Conducted parties Tyrol, Salzburg, Vienna. July, August: 15½ days, £26. Dr Beer, Norwood Technical College, S.E.27.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

HALL for hire Leics. Sq. Dances, Socials, Plays, etc., 17 Irving St. WHI. 3678.

GEOPOLITICS. Will anyone interested in starting group to discuss this subject with ultimate aim of forming an institute, write to J. D., 40 Bloomsbury St., W.C.1?

NURSE Ollivier. Colds, Colonic irrigation, Rheumatism. MAY 1085.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI.6982.

GOOD speech, Stage trng., deportment. All exams. Consult an actor, Adrian Harley, late Prince of Wales, Lyric Hammersmith, Theatres, author of "How to Speak" (Pitman), 28 Tavistock Court, W.C.1. EUS. 3466.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

UNIVERSITY of Hong Kong. Applications are invited for the post of Professor of Economics. Emoluments (for a married member of the staff normally resident outside Hong Kong or China, and inclusive of allowances): £2,127—£50—£2,377 p.a. Applicants should be Honours graduates in Economics of British Universities with appropriate academic qualifications and experience, and should be prepared to take up the post by September, 1951. The Professor of Economics is also Head of the Department of Economics and Political Science. First-class sea passages and furnished houses or flats at reasonable rentals are provided for expatriate staff. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is April 20, 1951.

HIS Majesty's Colonial Service, Malaya. Vacancies exist for Cadets in the Colonial Customs Service in Malaya. The appointments will be on 3 years' probation for permanent and pensionable employment. The salary scale, including pensionable expatriation allowances is $415 a month to $975 a month (current sterling equivalent is £581 a year to £1,365 a year at one Malayan dollar to *2s. 4d.*). A cost of living allowance is also payable varying according to basic salary and number of dependants. For a single man entering at the scale minimum it is at present $150 a month (£210 a year). Salaries are subject to local rates of taxation which are much lower than those in United Kingdom. Government quarters may be available at moderate rents. Candidates should be between ages 20 and 24 and should possess a University degree. Non-university candidates may be considered provided that they possess other special qualifications, e.g., in law, or if they have had special experience, e.g., as commissioned officers in His Majesty's Forces. No candidates will be considered who do not possess the School Certificate or its equivalent. Candidates should write at once for application forms to the Director of Recruitment, Colonial Office, Sanctuary Buildings, Great Smith Street, S.W.1, quoting "Customs, Malaya."

NEW England University College (University of Sydney), New South Wales, Australia.—Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in Mathematics. Commencing salary will be within the range £A650—£A1,000 per annum according to qualifications, with annual increments of £A50. There is also a cost of living adjustment, at present £A70 for males, £A55 for females. Salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from The Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5, Gordon Sq., London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is May 14, 1951.

NEW England University College (University of Sydney), New South Wales, Australia. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in History (two vacancies). Commencing salary will be within the range—£A650-£A1,000 per annum according to qualifications, with annual increments of £A50. There is also a cost of living adustment, at present £A70 for males, £A55 for females. Salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for receipt of applics. is May 14, 1951.

B.B.C. invites applications for the post of Assistant Head of Music, Television Service. The requirements of the post call for a professional musician with considerable knowledge of, and if possible, experience in, the production of opera, light opera and operetta, ballet and dance. The emphasis in television music is on music production rather than in the field of "pure" music. The successful candidate will work direct to the Controller of Television Programmes, but will be expected to maintain close liaison with the B.B.C. Head of Music on the general music policy and standard of the Corporation. The duties of the post will be to administer the Television Music section, to build programme schedules, to supervise and control the output of the Music Section, to develop new ideas and to keep in contact with the musical world both at home and abroad. The incumbent will not be expected to produce or to conduct, though occasional practical production work in the studios will be possible. The appointment will be made on a three-year special contract (with possibilities of extension) at a fixed salary normally between £1,300 and £1,500 per annum, but may be higher if qualifications and experience are exceptional. Detailed application to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "A.H.M.Tel., N.Stm.," within 7 days. For acknowledgment please enclosed stamped addressed envelope.

THE Oxford University Tutorial Classes Committee invite applications for full-time tutorships in North Staffs, Bucks and Kent. Candidates should have a good University Honours Degree in Economics, Politics, Sociology, or History. Knowledge of trade union and industrial problems will be an advantage. Salary on scale £450-850. Partics. from Organising Sec., Rewley House, Wellington Sq., Oxford. Closing date April 15.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—*continued*

B.B.C. invites applications for the post of Head of Television Documentaries in the Television Service. The incumbent will be responsible to the Controller of Television Programmes, to whom he will work direct, for the programme output and standards of the Documentary Section. Duties include (a) The allocation and supervision of the work of the Documentary Producers and Scriptwriters and the maintenance of optimum output. (b) The development of the Documentary Section and of programme ideas, techniques and script writing. (c) The general administration of the Section. Candidates should have had considerable practical experience in the documentary field, either in documentary films or radio features. Experience in both will, of course, be an advantage. The ideal candidate should combine creative ability with the ability to control and administer staff. The appointment will be made on a three year special contract (with possibilities of extension) at a fixed salary normally between £1,300 and £1,500 per annum, but may be higher if qualifications and experience are exceptional. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "H. Tel. Documentaries, N. Stm.," within 7 days. For acknowledgement please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

ANGLO-IRANIAN Oil Company require one mathematician, one mathematical physicist and one physicist with some mathematical ability, with 1st or 2nd class honours degrees, for posts at a new research and development centre on the Nottinghamshire Oilfield. The work will involve theoretical investigation of the movement of fluids in oil reservoirs and problems connected with recovery of oil. Methods and equipment will be developed for electrical recording at surface of a wide range of physical observations on oil and gas bearing formations penetrated in deep wells. The observations include resistivity of formations, radio-activity, temperature, pressure, fluid velocity, well diameter, etc. The equipment will also be used for actuating sample devices and special bottom hole instruments. The mathematician will be concerned with oil reservoir future production performance and the mathematical physicist with the allied survey research and development work. The physicist will be responsible for interpretation of records and laboratory experiments, both electrical and physical, bearing on interpretation. Men with some years' practical experience of electronics preferred for the two latter posts. Applicants aged from 27-35 years should be prepared to go abroad for periods extending to six months. Write, giving full details and quoting Department M.1415 to Box 6153 at 191 Gresham House, E.C.2.

THE Medical Research Council have a vacancy at the Department of Midwifery, Foresterhill, Aberdeen, for a medico-social worker, almoner or social field worker for work on the effects of social conditions, e.g., upbringing, education, work, housing, on maternity. This work forms part of a wider obstetric, nutritional and psychological enquiry being carried out in Aberdeen by the Department and in London by the Council's Social Medicine Research Unit. The salary will be at a point on the scales £340×12½—£390, or £390×12½—£465 per annum according to qualifications and experience. The appointment is for approximately three years and is superannuable. Applications, in writing, giving full professional particulars, present salary, and the names of two persons with whom the candidate has worked and to whom reference may be made, should be sent to Professor D. Baird at the address given above as soon as possible.

DEVON County Council. Children's Committee. Applications are invited from women holding a Social Science Certificate in Child Care, or other similar qualifications for the post of Children's Visitor to undertake duties in connection with the Children Act, 1948, in a sub-district surrounding Torquay. Salary will be in accordance with Grade A.P.T. II (£420×£15—£465) with motor car and subsistence allowances. Further particulars can be obtained from the Children's Officer, Bradninch Hall, Castle St., Exeter, to whom applications should be addressed within fourteen days of the appearance of this advertisement. H. A. Davis, Clerk to the Council, The Castle, Exeter.

DORSET County Council. Applications are invited for the following appointments: (a) Woman Welfare Officer for Mental Deficiency. Candidates should possess a University Diploma or Certificate in Mental Health or Social Service, or should have had previous mental health or social welfare experience. A.P.T. Grade I-II salary £390-£465 per annum if appropriately qualified, or alternatively A.P.T. Grade I salary £390-£435 per annum. (b) Woman Home Teacher for Mental Defectives. Candidates should be suitably qualified or experienced in the teaching of handicrafts to mental defectives. A.P.T. Grade I salary (£390-£435 per annum). Full particulars and forms of application may be obtained from the Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Dorchester, to whom applics. must be returned by April 14.

UNIVERSITY College of Hull. Resident Warden required from September 1, 1951, for Holtby Hall, Hall of Residence for 22 women students. Qualification in Domestic Science desirable. Initial salary range £300-£350, with F.S.S.U. benefits. Further particulars from the Registrar, University College, Hull, to whom applications (five copies) are to be sent by April 7.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—*continued*

B.B.C. invites applications for a post as sub-editor in the News Division. Candidates should have a good education and all-round sub-editorial qualities and should be accustomed to handling tapes. A feature of the work is the necessity to condense accurately news of all kinds for short factual bulletins. The work involves day and night duty shifts. Starting salary £745 per annum (may be higher if qualifications and experience are exceptional) rising by annual increments on a five years' progression to a maximum of £965 per annum. Detailed application to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Sub-Editor, News, N. Stm.," within 7 days. For acknowledgement please enclose stamped envelope.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE County Council. Children's Department. Appointment of 2 Children's Visiting Officers (1 Male and 1 Female). Applications invited for above appointments for responsible work under the Children Act from persons, pref. with previous experience and/or Social Science qualification or Home Office Child Care Certificate. Salary A.P.T. I or A.P.T. II (£390×£15 p.a.—£435 or £420×£15 p.a.—£465 respectively) according to qualifications and experience. Application forms and further particulars from the Children's Officer, Shire Hall, Nottingham, to whom completed applications should be returned by March 31, 1951. Canvassing will disqualify. K. Tweedale Meaby, Clerk of the County Council.

GLAMORGAN County Council. Children's Committee. Invitation to act as Foster Parents. The Glamorgan Children's Committee have in their care a number of children deprived of a normal home life for whose maintenance and welfare they are responsible. There is no real substitute for a happy family life in an ordinary home and the Committee would appreciate offers from people of sympathy and understanding who would be prepared to take children, permanently or temporarily, into their homes. The immediate need is for homes for boys of all ages, homes where two or three children from the same family can be placed, and homes for boys and girls who are at work. Maintenance allowances are paid varying from *16s.* per week for a child under 5 (plus £3 quarterly clothing allowance) to £1 *15s.* per week for a child at school over 15 (plus £4 quarterly clothing allowance). The wages of children in employment are supplemented, if necessary to *40s.* per week plus travelling expenses, National Health Insurance and *7s.* weekly pocket money. Householders prepared to cooperate in the care of these children are asked to write to the undersigned from whom full details can be obtained. Beti Jones, Children's Officer, Glamorgan County Hall, Cardiff.

OXFORDSHIRE County Council, Children's Care Committee. Wise House, Shillingford Homes, Warborough. Applications are invited from married couples for the post of Warden and Foster Mother at the above Home, which has 18 children aged 4-16 years. Training in Child Care or in Child Education or experience in any other associated form of social work will be an advantage. The salaries are as follows: Warden—£250×£15—£295, value of emoluments £60. Foster Mother—£163 *12s.*×£15—£208 *12s.*, value of emoluments £60. Full residential emoluments are provided. There is no accommodation for staff children. The appointment is superannuable, and subject to a satisfactory medical examination, including an X-ray of the chest. Application forms are obtainable from the County Children's Officer, 103 Banbury Rd., Oxford, and should be returned not later than March 31, 1951. F. G. Scott, Clerk of the Council, County Hall, Oxford.

THE Y.M.C.A. invites applics. from men between 21 and 30 to train as Secretaries. First essentials: a sense of Christian vocation and a good education with leadership ability in religious, social, educational and physical activities with youth. Write, giving particulars of experience and qualifications, to S/3, Personnel Secretary, National Council of Y.M.C.A.s, 112 Great Russell St., London, W.C.1.

ENGLISH/German translators for novels, biographies, etc., with great experience in this type of work required. Write, stating terms, to Box 2093.

WOMAN Chemistry graduate reqd., part-time through Aug., full-time permanent from last week Sept. Box 2095.

YOUNG woman Graduate (Economics) required as Assistant to Economist in Market Research and Statistical Sales Department of large manufacturing company in North London. Applics. should give details of age, education and experience. Box 2158.

NOTTINGHAM Marriage Guidance Council require married woman or widow as General Secretary. Good education and shorthand and typing essential and experience in social or welfare work an advantage. Commencing salary £450 per annum. Apply, giving full particulars, to 45 Castle Gate, Nottingham.

ARTIST reqs. resident secr., intell. young man; lot free time, poss. travel, interesting post. Box 2208.

VACANCY with N.W. London progressive family shortly moving to communal country house near London. Duties: before moving, care of girl (3.8), boy (1.7), and assisting mother working part-time; after moving, work in nursery school with 8-10 children. Comfortable room. Reply Box 2227.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—*continued*

LABOUR M.P. requires part-time secretary, mornings preferred. Applics., with particulars, should be sent to: Victor Yates, M.P., House of Commons, London, S.W.1.

YOUNG qualified teacher reqd. October take charge educational side small school, Scotland, run on family lines. 5-11 yrs. £250 p.a., plus residence. Box 1585.

STAFF (single) required for vegetarian co-educational school. Graduate Master for general subjects and Diction. Experienced Matron with knowledge of nature cure methods. Educated Handyman for maintenance, able drive car. Box 2120.

HOUSEMOTHER or father reqd. for small hostel school. Also cook. Salary £200 p.a. less res. emol. Individual applicants (or flat might suit married couple, or mother & child). Hever Warren School, Hever, Kent.

FEMINIST Association requires spare time of organising secretary who can use her own office & phone. Mod. salary. Box 2200.

A NUMBER of temporary clerical vacancies exist in connection with farm camps scheme run by NUS. Applicants would be required to start immediately and work until end of September. Please write giving full details of exp., etc., to Vacation Work Organiser, National Union of Students, 3 Endsleigh St., W.C.1.

EFFICIENT shorthand typist for Import-Export house. Commencing salary £6-£7 p.w. No age limit. Applicants must have good commercial experience. Box 1820.

COOK-Housekeeper reqd. April 16 at Chelsea Open-Air Nursery School. Main duty: ordering and preparing mid-day meal for 50 children and adults. Salary £156 p.a., resident. School holidays. Write stating qualifics. and exp. to Miss B. I. Grove, 51 Glebe Place, S.W.3.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

WOMEN graduates and educated girls will shortly complete their training and become available for employment as secretaries and shorthand-typists. Good knowledge of commercial and professional procedure, secretarial duties, etc. Salaries £5 per week upwards. Interested employers, please write or 'phone Langham Secretarial College, 50 Fitzroy St., London, W.1. EUSton 5811.

SWISS girl speaking French sks. post S. Eng. with children. Exc. refs. Box 1871.

YNG. Trade Unionist, Oxford Soc. Sci. Dipl. (Econ.), sks. interest./respon. post with T.U., or similar organ., London area. Eff. organiser. Research, policy planning, talks or sub-ed. T.U. journal. 16 yrs. industry. Keen Adult Educationist. Box 1954.

BANK official (59) retiring, idleness abhorrent, fluent speaker, services available, society, institution. Remuneration secondary consideration. Box 1957.

EDUCATED woman seeks position (London). Doctor's Receptionist or similar, accept trainee's wages first months. Box 2169.

LADY (24), B.A. Honours English, travelled, with fluent French, some German, Italian, and secretarial experience in political and industrial spheres, seeks responsible, interesting post. Box 2020.

YOUNG woman, librarian progressive school, wants further library experience. Good knowledge French, English literature. Lib. Assoc. Entrance exam., studying for Registration. Box 2021.

ASSISTANT Editor (30) non-party political journal, seeks change; part-time considered; contributor many reviews. Box 2051.

NEW Zealand graduate, 12 years' experience lecturing, broadcasting, theatre, journalism. Delegate internationally. Experienced committee work and handling difficult people. Seeks administration, organising—a position where energy, imagination and initiative are valued. Box 2058.

CAMBRIDGE grad. with legal exper. seeks interesting employment. Box 2117.

LADY (widow, 50's) desires housekeeping post to professional gentleman (bach.). Competent cook, no rough work. Box 2125.

EDUCATED woman, trained secretary, also experienced actress, stage-manager and publicity agent, wants temporary, part- or whole-time work, preferably, but not necessarily, in the theatre. Box 1901.

ANY interesting work London/abroad, March-Sept., for grad. offering shorthand, typg., good French, German, some Italian? Write Miss Green, 23 Addison Ave., W.11.

NURSE, S.R.N., S.C.M., H.V. Cert., driver, some typing, interested social medicine, seeks absorbing post. Would travel. Box 1952.

SCHOLAR and graduate of Oxford, 23, and with some executive and intellectual abilities seeks interesting work: considering everything. Box 1953.

ADVERTISER, educated, wide commercial exp., alert & active (though not so young), driving licence, sks. post any capacity, full/part-time, where integrity & initiative demanded. Alternatively wld. welcome proposals business collaboration offering prospect remunerative occupation. Box 1835.

SHORTHAND typist with literary ambition, journalistic tng. and artistic background sks. pt/full time wk. Box 2168.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

ANNOUNCING a private hotel for those with socially constructive outlook. St. Leonards has been selected because of its unique protection from N. & N.E. Normanhurst (28 beds) is well appointed, faces South on best part sea-front. From 14s. daily. £4 to £6 10s. weekly including gratuities, early tea to room, 4 meals daily, coffee. Centrally heated bedrooms in winter. H. & c. and spring interior mattresses every bedroom, many twin-bedded. Normanhurst Private Hotel, Eversfield Parade, St. Leonards-on-Sea. 'Phone Hastings 4784. Medically commended, protective climate, opposite all-weather promenade.

CONVALESCENCE, winter rest or residence recommended at St. Leonards-on-Sea. See advertisement by Normanhurst above. Congenial. Reduction on above terms for those staying four weeks or more in winter. Warm bedrooms and lounges.

CORNWALL. Treharrock Manor: Farm produce. Cream. Surf-bathing Polzeath. Golf Rock. Cornwall's loveliest beaches. Port Isaac 207.

S.W. Cornish fishing village. Rest, relax, refresh in Torre Vean Private Hotel, Porthleven. Lt.-Cdr. H. C. Selby, R.N. (Rtd.).

NEAR Pendine. Comfortable and homely accommodation in country house in own grounds. Beautiful country and fine coastal scenery. Tennis, billiards. Own produce and honey. Terms, 5*gns.* weekly. Family party welcomed. Broadway Mansion, Laugharne, Carmarthenshire. Tel. Laugharne 25.

DEVON & Cornwall for early holidays. Guest Houses in delightful surroundings. Very reas. terms. Illustrated brochure No. 18 free. Bishop, Fairfield, Dawlish, Devon.

CAPRI—Eden Paradiso Hotel, Anacapri. In a most delightful situation on this beautiful island. Every comfort. Recently renovated. Write details: N. Farace.

OWNERS of country house with central heating, modern amenities, Riviera climate, give personal attention limited number of guests. Walled gardens, farmery, 3 mins. unspoilt Cornish Bay. Box 778.

APPLEBY, Westmorland. Garbridge Hotel. Lakes accessible. Fishing, Golf. Comfort and good food. Write brochure. Tel.: 71.

CORNWALL. Port Isaac. Really one of Cornwall's Gems. Stay at The Lawns Hotel where food and comfort matter. Unrivalled position overlooking bay. Running water in all bedrooms. Terms 4½-6½gns. weekly. Write for brochure or Phone 291.

PRAVDA says: Spend your roubles in Chagford, where the rate of exchange is courtesy, comfort and cream. Devonshire spoken, English understood. Write to Secy., Hotels Association, Chagford, S. Devon.

BRONTE Guest House, Haworth, Keighley, Yorkshire. Moorland walks with literary interest. Comfort, good Yorkshire fare. H. & C. Spring beds. T.T. milk. Village really typical of Yorkshire life.

"BIDE-a-While Book." Unique guide to good hotels, inns, etc., in Britain's loveliest holiday counties. Post free, 2s. 6d. N. S. Hilton, 45 Fleet St., Torquay.

LAKES. Charming old mansion. Beaut. view. 40 acres gnds. Mod. furn. Mod. terms. Croft Hotel, Ambleside. Tel. 334.

S. DEVON Coast. The "William of Orange" Hotel on lovely Torbay will do utmost to ensure your comfort and good food. Dble. room £1, Bed & Bkfst., Sgle. 10s. 6d.; other meals as required. Brochure from W. of Orange, Middle St., Brixham.

ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA for milder sea or spring holidays (see announcement near head of column). Enquire now also for Summer; boating; fishing; bathing (own tent); lovely Sussex countryside. Summer £4 14s. 6d. to £7 12s. 6d. Recom. by members of Toc H; W.V.S.; also Quakers, &c. Open to all with socially constructive outlook or in sympathy similar ideals. Congenial. Splendidly appntd. Normanhurst Private Hotel, Eversfield Parade. Best part sea front.

BUDE, Cornwall. Hawarden Hotel. Facing South and by the sea. Bathing direct from hotel. Restricted licence. H. & C. in all rooms. Telephone Bude 147.

BOOK holidays early in Western Ireland's beautiful scenery. Abundant food; A1 cuisine; h.c. basins; bathing; boating; fishing; motor trips available; terms moderate. Holms-O'Malley, Curragh Castle House, Renvyle, Connemara, Co. Galway, Eire.

PYRENEES, near Pau. French lady offers simple, friendly accommodation. Small house in garden. Inside sanitation. Pleasant unstrenuous surroundings. Max. 3 persons. Good communications. April onwards. Full pension, incldg. tea, 1,000 francs day. Write Villa Malan, Boeil-Bezing, France (B.P.).

SWITZERLAND. Hotel Pension Ländte, Oberhofen a/Thunersee. Sm. htl. directly by Lake. V. mod. prices. Families welc.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, nr. East Grinstead. Kathleen Batten's friendly hotel on the edge of Ashdown Forest. Lovely walks and good food at the end of them. Club licence. Sharpthorne 17.

MODERATE pension terms, including wine, Continental cooking, offered by Englishwoman to parents with children under 6. Mountain village North Italy. Perfect climate. Write Box 364, Mundy, Gilbert & Troman, 86 New St., Birmingham.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

N. CORNWALL Coast. New idea for family holidays. Comfort of guest house with freedom of own cottage. Suites with kitchenette and living room; also lounge, playroom and excellent restaurant. No shops, buses mile away, food supplies arranged. Bkd. Aug. Maxwell, Portquin, Port Isaac.

EDINBURGH. Bed, bfast., attractive rms. H. & C. 16 Rothesay Pl. CEN. 4871.

NORTH Wales: Board residence, private, ideal surroundings, bracing air, quiet, June on. Box 1967.

CORNWALL. Bide-a-While Hotel, Port Gaverne, Port Isaac. A first-class hotel situated at sea level. Ideal for that early holiday. One visit and you will return.

KESWICK—Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads—in unique position, magnificent views, offers invigorating/restful holidays, friendly atmosphere. Festival Celebrations June 9-30. Anne Horner. 'Phone 508.

BEAUTIFUL Sussex. A real rest in lovely country within reach Eastbourne. Own produce. Spacious grounds. Comfy beds. Te Whare Hotel, Horam, East Sussex. Telephone: Horeham Road 32.

SURREY. In the heart of most beautiful country; perfect for walking or for quiet restful holiday. Easily access. fr. London. Small, part 17th-cent. guest hse. Mr. & Mrs. H. B. Carter, Pinehurst, Broadmoor, Abinger Common, Nr. Dorking. Abinger 368.

GLORIOUS Cotswolds. Langston Arms Hotel, Kingham, Oxon. Comfortable, good food. Excellent centre.

SPEND a holiday in West Ireland wandering along shores and mountains and stay at Slievemore Hotel, Dugort, Achill.

THE Old Hope Anchor Hotel, Rye. Good food, soft beds, a warm hotel; radiators, h.w. in every bedrm. Apply Proprietor.

BROOKLANDS Farm, Dallington, Heathfield, Sussex. Comfortable quarters. Farm produce. Log fires, e.l., c.h.w. 60 acres. From 4½gns. weekly. Tel. Rushlake Green 321.

SWANAGE. Limited accommodation available Easter onwards, comf. Georgian hse., 5 mins. sea. Good cooking. 5gns. wkly., incl. extras, except lunch. Haines, 133 High St.

BLUEBELL woods, bathing, grand river and moorland walks. Simple accommodation with friendly people; remote Pennine Valley. From 3gns. Mrs. Roberts, Wheat Ing Farm, Nr. Hebden Bridge, Yorks.

HASTINGS, St. Leonards-on-Sea. Kendal Hotel, 78 Marina; on sea front; completely modernised, H. & C. in all bedrooms. Terms: Oct. to May, 3½-5gns.; summer, 5-7gns. Phone: Hastings 5110.

BOARD Residence. Sea 3 minutes. Spacious grounds. Home produce. Brown Acres, Aldeburgh, Suffolk. Tel. Aldeburgh 319.

IN the heart of the lovely Lammermuirs, yet only 32 miles from Edinburgh. Rathburne Hotel, Longformacus, Duns. Home produce, excellent cooking, 3,000 volume library, trout streams, riding; children catered for. "Out of the World and into Longformacus."

EMERALD Bank Private Hotel, Newlands, Keswick. Every comfort. H. & c. all bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. Brochure on request.

ENGLISH lakes. Birkhead Guest House, Troutbeck, Windermere. Noted for good food and comfort. Personal attention. Mod. terms. No Easter accommodation. Miss Dawson. Phone Ambleside 288.

CHEVIOTS, fishing, walking, glorious views. Ex-shooting Lodge, Wilkinson Park, Alwinton, Northumberland.

CAPEL Curig. Guest House with modern accom. for 12. H. & c. All cons., finely situated on Ogwen Rd. Gd. centre for hols. in Snowdonia. Brochure: Mrs. Brennand, Bron Heulog, Capel Curig. Tel. C.C. 217.

A REAL welcome awaits you at Bevan's Lyn Valley Hotel, Lynmouth. Beautifully situated. H. & C. in all bedrooms. Lounges, Ballroom, etc., Excel. cuisine. Fully licd. R.A.C. Apply: T. H. Marriott. Resident Manager.

MURLEY Grange, Bishopsteignton, S. Devon. Spring and early Summer holidays. Lovely grounds, high above Teign Estuary, 15 minutes to beach. Central heating, h. & c. in bedrooms, home produce. Children welcome. Booking now.

BOGNOR sea front. Pier View, Steyne, Bognor Regis Central. Board residence, every comfort, H. & C. and fires all rooms. Children welcomed half price sharing with parents. Good liberal table. Special early holidays 3½gns. June 4½gns., July 5½gns., August 6gns. Apply brochure or 'phone 933.

HILL lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully and remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains near Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts—very good food and fires. Friendly and informal. 5/5½gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw. Tel. Llanrwst 166.

BOURNEMOUTH, Whitehall Hotel. A.A., R.A.C. Overlooking Central Gardens. Bridge Hostess. 57 bedrooms. H. & C. Telephones. Lift. Very central. Reduced winter terms. Summer terms 8 to 11 gns. Phone: B'mouth 7155/6/7.

EASTBOURNE—Park House, Burlington Place. Small hotel of distinction offering comfort, courtesy and excellent cuisine. Write brochure. Tel.: 3327. May 5-5½gns.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

FOLKESTONE. Groms Guest House. Augusta Gardens. 3 mins. sea front. Good food. Mod. beds. H. & C. all rms. From 4½gns. Write brochure. Tel. 2759.

HASTINGS 4371. Congenial, socialist, musical atmosphere. Excel. meals; gardens. Families assured perfect holiday. "Continental," 10 Albany Rd., St. Leonards-on-Sea.

TREWORNAN Manor Hotel, nr. Wadebridge, N. Cornwall. 16th Century Manor in 18 acres of lawns and woodlands, adjg. bird sanctuary. Own fishing, shooting. Easy reach golfing & beaches at Rock & Daymer Bay. Own farm prod. From 4½gns. Open all year round. Brochure on request.

RYE (near). Comfortable, quiet hol. accommodation, country cottage, farm produce. 5 miles sea, on bus route. Grahame James, The Mill, Iden, Sussex. Phone Iden 205.

WESTERN Lake District. Irton Hall Hotel, licensed, Holmrook, Cumberland. Mountains, sea, home produce; H. & C.; billiards; table tennis. Children welc. Holmrook 42.

PROVENCE. 13th-century historic village, 3,000ft. Few guests wishing quiet holiday received in private house. Splendid country. Max. sunshine. Engl. spoken. Terms 700 f. p.d. inc. Fortin, Bargème, Var.

ABSOLUTELY unique: ideal for short or long restful visit. XVIIth-century cottage overlooking Ashridge Park. Warmth, modern comforts, delicious food, cosy bar. Brochure: Yew Tree Club, 39-40 Little Gaddesden, Berkhamsted, Herts. (Lt. Gad. 2112.)

HEAL'S Mansard Restaurant for morning coffee, lunch and tea. Good food and wines at moderate prices. Fully licensed. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

A CHARMING Bijou Guest House, h. and c.; garden; rooms, incl. breakfast and dinner, from 3gns. Few mins. Marble Arch, t.r. tube, buses, 80 Maida Vale, W.9. MAI 1930.

ASHLEY Court, 7 Leinster Square, W.2. Phone BAY. 4253. Lux. serv. rooms, bed, breakf., dinner optional. Moderate.

HOUSE purchase. Anyone (or cple.) like to share exps., keep privacy? All suggstns. welc. Prof. wom., N. Lon. Box 1863.

FURN. divan rooms on Wimbledon Park. H & c. Modern tiled bathroom. Garage available. From £2 10*s.* incl. heating. Bkfast. by arrangement. PUT. 5359.

YOUNG couple, modern house, half-hour from Festival Site, London, welcome American couples as paying guests from June. Details Box 2055.

DOCTOR'S widow offers large bed-sitting room with breakfast in newly decorated home. Professional or business person. Other meals arranged. Easy access buses, tube. N.W.2. district. Box 2114.

VERY well furnished small single bedroom to let, 61, Greencroft Gardens, Flat 4. Service, electric light & linen included. £2 weekly. Apply 9-12 a.m. or 7-9 p.m., or by appointment. Tel. MAI. 5503.

OVERSEAS visitors to Festival of Britain; comfortable bedroom to let May-Sept. Suburbs. Easy access Cent. Lond. Box 2005.

PROFESSIONAL gent. offered share luxury-type flat. 15 min. Ch. X. Box 2065.

RENT free. Attractive furnished room with cooking facilities in return part-time domestic duties. Golders Green. Box 2030.

INTERNATIONAL Club invite applications for residence from either sex (ages 18 to 30). Single divan rooms. Vegetarian restaurant. Write Secretary, 250 Camden Rd., London, N.W.1.

DOUBLE bed-sit. rm. (own 'phone ext.) and kit. in private house nr. Crystal Palace. 'Phone LIV. 1631 after 6.30 p.m.

COMFORTABLE furnished room in Battersea. H. and C. Gas fire and ring. Breakfast. £2 10s. inclusive. 'Phone BAT. 0393.

FURNISHED flat available North London for middle-aged Jewish couple, share kitchen. References to Box 1907.

TO let. Pleasant bed-sitting rooms furnished. Partial board. From £3 p.w. 5 mins. Arnos Grove stn. Men only. Box 1962.

CARDIGANSHIRE—attractive seaside village; flat, or part house, furnished or unfurnished. Permanency. Box 1993.

DELIGHTFUL furn. cottage secluded Essex hamlet 40 m. London. 2 large sitng. rms., 3 b'rms., kit., bath., w.c. ½ acre gdn. 3gns. p.w. for 12 months. from April 1. Box 1994.

UNCONFIRMED bachelor seeks congenial home, Southampton or near. Box 1794.

QUIET couple, both Civil Servants, seek home in warm, quiet house (London) with board (double bedroom and sitting-room) as only guests. Box 1914.

LADY, retiring July, requires unfurnished cottage or rooms, with some garden. Country. Box 1940.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, N.W.3. Co-educational Day School owned and controlled by a Friendly Society of Parents and Staff. Nursery 8gns., K.G. 15gns., Junior and Senior School 18gns.

SCHOOLS—continued

FOR freedom and self-government. Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland. Boys and girls from 3 years. Headmaster: John M. Aitkenhead, M.A. Ed B

KENSINGTON Froebel Nursery School for children of prof. parents, 9 a.m.-5 p.m. 2½ to 9 yrs. Froebel teachers, catering by qualified dietitian. French and Dancing. Car collection. Weekly boarders accepted. Redcliffe Nursery School, 47 Redcliffe Gardens, S.W.10. Fla. 0489.

LONG Dene, Chiddingstone, Edenbridge, Kent. Co-educational, 5 to 18. A group of 150 children and adults, creatively concerned with education, agriculture and the arts. Organic 200-acre farm. T.T. herd. Directors: J. C. Guinness, B.A., Karis Guinness (Dalcroze), R. G. H. Job, B.Sc.

RELIABLE advice given (gratis) by Truman and Knightley, Ltd., concerning schools for boys and girls. Clarendon House, 11 & 12 Clifford St. W.1. Regent 2803. Founded 1901.

ST. CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth. Co-education to 18 years in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. Applications for vacancies from 1951 considered. H. Lyn Harris, M.A., LL.B.; Mrs. Lyn J. Harris, M.A.

ST. Mary's Town and Country School. Day School: 38, 40, Eton Ave., Hampstead. Boarding School: Stanford Park, nr. Rugby. Realistic, modern approach. Boys & Girls, 5-18. Swimming, Riding. H. & E. Paul. Ph.D.

WYCHWOOD Girls' School, Oxford, 10 to University age; small classes; exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self-governing community. Principals, Miss M. L. Lee, M.A., Miss E. M. Snodgrass, M.A.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

INNSBRUCK University International Summer School at Mayrhofen in the Tyrol. Magnificent scenery, swimming, tennis, climbing and local tours. Dancing, concerts and good company. Inclusive cost 23 days, London to London 32gns. Apply to Innsbruck University Summer Courses, 143, New Bond St., London, W.1. Mayfair 0942.

COPENHAGEN, Summer Courses on Danish Life and Culture. For particulars apply Anglo-Danish Students' Bureau, 71/72 Piccadilly, W.1.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

LOVELY old water mill for sale. North Cornish coast—remote. Parker, Helford, Helston.

SMALL stone house in Cheddar for sale. Four bedrooms, hall, large lounge, dining room. Many fitted cupboards. Nice small garden with wonderful views. Fuller particulars from Percy Palmer, 3 Magdala Buildings, Weston-super-Mare. Telephone 1636/7.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

EASTER reading: William Sansom, Tom Hopkinson, Sid Chaplin, Daniel George, Hamilton Fyfe, Alex Comfort, Garcia Lorca, Edmund Crispin and Walter Allen are contributors to "Tribune" Spring Books Number, now on sale, containing 32 pages of essays, reviews and poems. Also, Facts behind the Barcelona Strike, and The Consequences of "MacArthur Boothby."

"THE Collector," new journal-report for antique-lovers. Advertisements, articles. Subscription particulars from Editor, 7 Durbar Rd., Luton.

"TO See and To Hear," by C. Leslie Thomson, B.Sc., 5s. 4d., from the Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

FABIAN Bookshop, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1. Special stocks Left-wing, political, economic, sociological books. Also Art, fiction, biography, etc., in stock or to order. Reading lists on demand.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

CHURCH Street Bookshop, 57, Kensington Church St., W 8. New and secondhand books. Also full stock Everymans, Penguins and similar editions. Open all day Saturday. (WES 4014.)

HAMMERSMITH Bookshop. Books bght. Nr. Lyric Theatre, W.6. RIV. 6807.

"THE Suffragette Movement," by Sylvia Pankhurst. An intimate account of persons and ideals. 631 pp., illustrations, £1 1s., cheap edition, 7s. 6d., from author at 3, Charteris Rd., Woodford Green, Essex.

ANTHROPOSOPHY. Books may be borrowed from the Rudolf Steiner Library. Apply 105 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. MUS. 0906.

DEUTSCHE Literatur wanted and sold. Ask for list. Continental Book Supply, 32a Cholmeley Park, London N.6. MOU. 1482.

WE get that book you want. London Book Co., 391 St. John Street, E.C.1.

ASTOUNDING Book Bargains! "Novels of High Society from the Victorian Era," comprising "Henrietta Temple," by Disraeli; "Guy Livingstone," by G. A. Lawrence; "Moths," by Ouida, with intro. by Anthony Powell. A Pilot Omnibus, 2½lbs. wt., 890 pp. as selling at 18s. Our price 7s. post free! Also "Shakespeare arranged for Modern Reading," the de luxe American edition by Prof. Cady & Van Cartmell. A Doubleday special, 3½lbs. wt., 1,165 pages, as selling at 42s. Our price, 17s. post free! Both books new, mint-perfect for 21s. post free! Order now—while stocks last! Bargain Book Parcels, 24-26 Blackfriars Lane, London, E.C.4.

ENTERTAINMENTS

SHAKESPEARE Memorial Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, 92nd Season. Comm. March 24. Evgs. 7.30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2.30. All seats bookable. 2*s.* 6*d.*-12*s.* 6*d.*

UNITY. EUS. 5391. "Here Goes!" Revue by Geoffrey Parsons and Berkeley Fase. Wed.-Sun. 7.30. Mem. 2*s.* 6*d.* Adults only.

ARTS (Tem. 3334). Evgs. (ex. Mon.) 7. Sat. & Sun. 5 & 8. Fay Compton, "Intimate Relations." Mem. 5*s.* yearly.

FEDERATION of Jewish Youth Societies presents 7th Annual National Jewish Drama Festival at the Scala Theatre, Charlotte St., W.1, on Easter Monday, March 26. Commence 7 p.m. Tickets at door, 3*s.* to 12*s.* 6*d.*

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525 Until April 1: Jacques Tati in "Jour de Fête" and "The Private Life of the Gannets" (U). From April 2: Cocteau's "Orpheus" (A).

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3331. Sun., March 25th. 7.30. "Gunga Din" (U).

EAST and West Film Society. "Partie de Campagne"; "Song of Ceylon," Sat., March 31, 3.30 p.m. Mems. 3*s.* 6*d.*, guests 4*s.* 6*d.* Annual subscription 5*s.* Enrol now at the Irving Gallery, 17 Irving St., Leics. Sq., W.C.2. WHI. 3678.

AFRICAN Academy. Films on American Negroes. Paul Robeson's commentary melodies. Fri., March 30, 6 and 8.15 p.m. 50 Carnaby St., (behind Oxford Circus Tube). Tickets 2*s.*, postage extra, from 17 Stratford Villas, N.W.1, and at door.

"SHCHORS," "Along the Wild Trail" & "Fedia Zaitsev"; Soviet Films at the Scala Theatre, W.1, 7.30, Mar. 27. Res.: 1*s.* 6*d.*, 2*s.*, 3*s.*, 4*s.*, BSFS (N), 36 Spencer St., E.C.1. Book early! Please encl. s.a.e.

LONDON Contemporary Music Centre. Orchestral Concert in co-operation with the B.B.C. Concert Hall, Broadcasting House, W.1. Tues., Mar. 27, at 7.30. Priaulx Rainier: Sinfonia da Camera for String Orchestra. Matyas Seiber: Fantasia Concertante for Solo Violin and String Orchestra. Frank Martin: Die Weise von Liebe und Tod def Cornets Christoph Rilke. Elsa Cavelti (Contralto) Max Rostal (Violin) Philharmonia Orchestra. Conductor: Paul Sacher. Admission to members only. For details of membership please apply: L.C.M.C., c/o 160 Wardour St., W.1. Tel.: Museum 3930.

LONDON Opera Guild, Vocal Director Hans Nachod. Recital of French Opera, including 1st & 3rd Acts Gounod's "Faust", 8 p.m., April 2, Salle Erard, Gt. Marlborough St., W.1. Adm. 2*s.* 6*d.* at door or from Secretary, 256 Kew Rd., Richmond, Surrey.

J. R. MARR will give a recital of South Indian Classical Music March 30 at 17 Great Cumberland Place, Marble Arch, 8.15 p.m. All welcome.

GOLD Coast Victory Celebration—Social Dance, Buckingham Gate School, Wilfred Street. Underground: St. James's Park and Victoria. Sat., March 24,7-11.30 p.m., organised African League. African Band. Tkts., 2*s.* single, Manager, Trade Union Club, 12 Gt. Newport St., Leicester Square.

NIGERIA Union. Grand Easter Ball, Easter Monday at the Seymour Hall, W.1 Music by Ron Somers. 7.30-11.30. Licensed bar. Tickets 5*s.* each, at door.

INTERNATIONAL Dance. Youth House, 250 Camden Road, N.W.1. Saturday, 31st, at 8 p.m. Buffet. Admission 2*s.* 6*d.*

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimile of Van Gogh's "La Moisson en Provence" just published, £4 12*s.* 11*d.* inc. purchase tax, from 11 Gt. Turnstile, W.C.1, or all good print shops in U.K.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., Burlington Gardens, W.1. Recent Paintings by Richard Eurich; Cecil Michaelis; W. B. Henderson; and Water Colours by Douglas Annand. Hours 10 till 6, Saturdays 10 till 1.

CONTEMPORARY Art Society. Evening Party at Tate Gallery, April 30, 8 p.m.-11. Pre-view to Exhibition of Henry Moore Sculptures and Drawings. Tickets 12*s.* 6*d.*, including refreshments. Applic. by members only to C.A.S., Tate Gallery, S.W.1.

CONTEMPORARY Art Society. Anyone wishing to join should apply to C.A.S., Tate Gallery, S.W.1. Annual subs. from 1*gn.*

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George St., Hanover Sq., W.1. Recent Paintings by Jean Hugo & Victor Brauner. Until April 7.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St., W.1. Recent Paintings by L. S. Lowry. Daily 10-5.30. Sats., 10-1.

NEW English Art Club at New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington St. 10-5. 1*s.*

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St. W.1. Fauve Painting in France & Abroad. 10-5.30, Sat. 10-1. Closed Easter Sat.

IRVING Gallery, 17 Irving St., Leicester Square, W.C.2. English Watercolours. Until April 21.

A.I.A. Gallery. Pictures for Hire, 11-6 daily (closed Easter).

SCULPTURE by Giovanni Pisano, an exhibition of photographs. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Open till March 31. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tues., Thurs., 10-8. Closed 24th & 26th. Admission free.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

BRIGHTON: The Royal Pavilion with Regency furniture. Open daily including Sundays, 10-5.

WARSAW Rebuilds Her Capital. Exhibition at the RWS Galleries, 26 Conduit St., W.1. Open daily incl. Sats. 10-5 from March 21 to April 12. Admission free.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. 1st London Exhibition of the Belgian painter, Jean-Jacques Gaillard.

ARCHER Gallery, 303 Westbourne Grove, W.11. Paintings & Drawings by Jan S. Snowden & George Hann. Till March 31. 10-5, except Sundays.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

WHAT Are The Functions of Trade Unions? Victor Feather, Asst. Secretary, T.U.C., John Marsh, Director of Industrial Welfare Society and H. G. Knight, General Secretary, ASSET. Public Debate at the Caxton Hall, Westminister, S.W.1. Weds. March 28, at 7.15 p.m. Tickets free from ASSET, 110 Park Street, W.1.

A CHINESE Delegation will be present at the Conference for Peace and Friendship with China, April 8, 10.30 a.m. to 5 p.m., at the Beaver Hall, E.C.4. Delegates from all organisations welcome. Admission tickets 2*s.* 6*d.* each from Britain-China Friendship Assoc., 17 Bishop's Bridge Rd., London, W.2.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17/18 Dover Street, W.1. Gro. 6186. Exhibn.: Paintings from Haiti. Mar. 29: "Public View," discussion on "Les Fauves"; Mar. 30: "Contemporary U.S. Composers" arr. John Edmunds; Mar. 31: "At Home" songs by Lord Beginner (Calypso singer). Members and guests only. New members welcome.

RICHMOND. Peace with China Cttee. "The Far East—War or Peace?" Margery Fry, Kingsley Martin, William Warbey. Thurs., March 29, 7.45. Cadena Café.

CENTRAL London Fabian Soc., Wed., March 28, 7.30, N.T.U. Club, 12, Gt. Newport St. "Marxism & the Soviet Union," Isaac Deutscher (Biographer of Stalin). 1*s.* 6*d.*

MERSEYSIDE Peace with China Cttee. 1st public mtg. Picton Hall, Liverpool, Mar. 30, 7.15. James Hudson, M.P., Emrys Hughes, M.P. Admission 6*d.*

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Tues., March 27, at 7.45 p.m.: "Holidays in Czechoslovakia." Speaker: Mr. L. Kenton, Manager of Progressive Tours. Chairman: Mr. Bank Shackleford. Visitors invited.

SOCIALIST Party of Great Britain Conference Rally, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., Sunday, March 25, at 7.30 p.m. Speakers from London and the Provinces. Admission free all are invited. Ample time for questions and discussion.

ALEX Comfort, F. A. Ridley, J. Raeside, T. Gibson, speak on "Practical Action Against War," Wed., March 28, 7.30, Holborn Hall, Grays Inn Rd., W.C.1. Admission free. London Anarchist Group.

FRANCIS Noel-Baker, "Back From Jugoslavia." Thrs. March 29, 7.30. 1 Broadhurst Gds. Ass. German Social/democrats.

CAXTON Hall, Thurs., March 29, 8 p.m. Debate: "Education for Girls," Mrs. Dora Russell, M.B.E., John Power, Education Officer for Tottenham. Married Women's Trust. Enquiries, AMB. 3320.

SOCIETY for Sex Education and Guidance. Wed., March 28, Dr. Clifford Allen on "Some Aspects of Homosexuality." Conway Hall, 7 p.m. Adm. free.

H. J. Blackham: "The Liberal Cause." At the Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, Queensway, W.2. Sun., March 25, 11 a.m.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda at Kingsway Hall, every Thursday, 7.30 p.m., March 29: "Plan and Purpose of Evolution."

TOLSTOY. Rdg. and lect. 57 Dean St. W.1. Mar. 30, 7 p.m. (Shaw Soc.). 2*s.*

THEOSOPHY, Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welcome. Mar. 25: Spiritual Resurrection.

WOOL Education Society. Lectures in London, Leeds, Manchester, Cambridge. Members receive quarterly journal "Wool Knowledge." For details of membership apply to Director of Education, International Wool Secretariat, Dorland House, 18-20 Regent St., London, S.W.1.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

ECONOMICS. Twelve-lecture course planned to explain basic principles of economic science. Evenings 7 to 9. Begins April 30. Fee 1 guinea. Enrol now or ask for further information. School of Economic Science, 11 Suffolk Street, S.W.1. Telephone Trafalgar 6415.

BYAM Shaw School of Drawing and Painting, Campden St., Kensington, W.8. The competition for three annual Entrance Scholarships of £50 and one Exhibition of £20, all tenable for four years, will be held in April. Write Sec. for particulars before March 31.

DRESS-MAKING. Complete training by ex - Cutter - Designer. Correspondence Course. Private lessons. Box 9656.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

THE Present Question Conference 1951, will be held at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford from August 4-11. Theme: Freedom and Responsibility in the experience of the Historian, Politician, Philosopher, Humanist, Educator, Architect, Pure Science, Applied Science, The Manager and Worker, etc. Speakers: Sir John D. Cockcroft, R. Crossman, M.P., H. J. Blackham, J. Bronowski, Mrs. K. M. Bliss, Sir Wilfrid Garrett, Prof. H. D. Lewis, J. F. Wolfenden, Wells Coates, Herbert Read, Dr. J. H. Oldham, Lord Verulam and others. Enquiries, The Secretariat, 37 Middleway, London, N.W.11.

KENT Education Committee in Association with the University of Oxford Delegacy for Extra-Mural Studies. Courses for Intending Youth Employment Officers, 1951-52. The Committee and the Delegacy again hope to provide training for intending Youth Employment Officers at Lamorbey Park, Sidcup, Kent, during the academic year 1951-52. It is proposed that two courses will be provided: (i) a course (September-March) for candidates who have obtained certain basic qualifications in the Social Sciences, e.g., a Social Science Diploma or a Degree in relevant subjects, e.g., Sociology, Economics or Psychology. (ii) a course (September-July) for other candidates, including (a) graduates of Universities who are not eligible for the shorter course; (b) qualified teachers; (c) other students, aged 25 or over, of good general education, who have obtained appropriate experience in industrial or social work, and have continued their general education since leaving school. The arrangements for the courses may, however, be modified when the report of the Committee on the Recruitment and Training of Youth Employment Officers is published. Provisional application for admission to either course should be made to the Tutor to Youth Employment Officers' Courses, Adult Education Centre, Lamorbey Park, Sidcup, Kent.

UNIVERSITY Entrance and General Certificate at all levels. Resident students coached in all subjects by expert tutors. Bursaries available for English students over 16 years of age. Apply Secretary, St. Christopher's College, 8-10 Gloucester Ave., Regent's Park, N.W.1.

HANOVER School of Higher Education and Modern Languages. Languages, European & Oriental, English for Foreigners. Day and Evening Classes. Private Tuition. Preparation for Exams. Exchange & au pair Visits. Accommodation, etc., arranged. Journalism. Post School Citizenship Course for Girls (Starts September). Translations. 1 Hanover Sq., W.1. GRO. 7347.

SPANISH.—An intensive Vacation Course for students at all stages; March 27-March 31. Details from: Educational Director, Hispanic Council, 4 Upper Berkeley St., W.1.

ADMINISTRATIVE and Secretarial Training. Expert advice on careers. Individual care. Good posts found for all qualified students. Courses for Political, Hospital, Hotel and Library work; Journalism, Advertising, Languages and Foreign Shorthands and in Management. Special arrangements for graduates. Scholarships available. Resident and day students accepted. Social amenities. New Course begins April 4, 1951. Apply to J. W. Loveridge, M.A. (Cantab.), St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Rd., N.W.3. Ham. 5986.

A Centre For Foreign Languages. Day and Evening classes in French, German, Spanish, Italian for beginners and all grades. English For Foreign Visitors. Priv. Less. in all languages. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free. Language Tuition Centre. 10 Portman Street, Marble Arch, W.1. MAY. 4640, 3805.

CULTURAL Holidays in the Tyrol, June, July, August, September. Combine a delightful Tyrolean Holiday in the Oetz Tal with fascinating Study Courses in German Language and Literature; Austrian History, Art, Music, Folk-lore, etc., under Faculty members of University of Innsbruck. Inclusive charge (14 days, 21*gns.*; 21 days, 25*gns.*) covers all travel, hotels, meals, guides, lectures. Write for leaflet "1951 Summer Courses." Austria Travel Agency, Ltd., 90 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1.

INTENSIVE Secretarial Training. Evening classes Gregg shorthand and typing. New course, April 9. Mrs. King, 115, Gloucester Place, W.1. WEL. 5855.

MARIAN Naylor. Intensive training, Stage & Teaching, Coaching auditions exams. Past pupils now in Rep. and on tour. Studio Central London. Tel. WIM. 2161.

HILDE Holger Studio of Modern Dance. Spring term opening April 2 in new, well equ. studio, Regent's Park. Classes for Prof., amateurs, children (starting age 4). Enq. Secy., 27 Oval Rd., N.W.1. WEL. 6752.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

AUTHORS' MSS. accurately typed. Moderate charges. Henry Crowhurst, 3 Laurel Bank, Storrington, Sussex.

TYPING. Novels, plays, commercial. Quick, accurate work. Mod. charges. HIL. 1976.

BRISTOL and the West. Typing and duplicating of all kinds. High standard, prompt serv. St. Stephen's Secretariat, 10 York Gdns., Bristol, & 37 The Avenue, Minehead. Bristol 34347, Porlock 152.

TYPING, etc.—continued

DUPLICATING by experts. Prompt, efficient. Mabel Eyles, 395 Hornsey Rd., London, N.19. Archway 1765, Ex. 1.

THE Hampstead Secretarial Bureau. Efficient work by intelligent typists. Careful checking, speedy service. 24 hours for duplicating. Mod. chgs. 1 Northcote House, 122 Heath St., Hampstead, N.W.3. HAM. 3527.

ABBEY Secretarial Bureau, 157 Abbey House, Victoria St., S.W.1 (ABB. 3772). First-class typing. Rapid duplicating (in colours), circularising, theses, testimonials, etc.

COMPETENT Typewriting Service. Lit. MSS. Commercial documents, etc. Impeccable work. Moderate fees. MAI. 2659.

YOUR Secretarial problems solved at once by Dryden Office Service, 15 Tavistock St. Strand, W.C.2. TEM. 7237. Typing, duplicating, translations, staff.

LITERARY typing, 7-day service all MSS., 4-day emergency service for urgent work. Articles/short stories, etc., by return. Dictating machine service. Duplicating (24-hour service), indexing, editing, proof reading, cataloguing, etc. Translns. (all languages). Qualified Secretaries at short notice. Secretarial Aunts, 324/5 High Holborn, W.C.1. HOL. 5831. Also Pantiles Chambers, 87 High St., Tunbridge Wells. Tel. 1255.

MILDRED Furst—Typewriting of every description undertaken under personal supervision, by careful and intelligent typists. Express service if desired. Duplicating 24 hours. Special checking service for theses. Translations. 267 Goldhurst Terrace, London, N.W.6. Mai. 7479.

RANK Secretarial Service: MSS. accurately typed. Novels, theses 7 days. Careful chkng., Dplctg. Transls. all langs. Mod. terms. 4 Queensborough Terrace, W.2. BAY. 8600.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations. 24-hour duplicating service, 31 Kensington Church St., London, W.8. WEStern 5809.

NEW duplicating and typing service. 3-colour art work with cartoons, etc., for club bulletins, programmes and tickets. Typing, editing, translation and correspondence in French, German and Italian. Belsize Secretarial Service. Primrose 9123.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker Street, W.1. Enquiries, Secretary, CUN. 8837.

ALL Nations Social Club, Ltd., announces a novel scheme. Short-term membership: 1 mth., 10*s*; 3 mths., £1; 6 mths., 30*s*; 1 year, £2 12*s* 6*d*. Club centre, Marble Arch. Lectures, language groups, foreign tours, sport, table-tennis, dancing, dramatics, music, literary and art groups, rambles, holiday tours, etc. Write Office, 51 Chancery Lane, W.C.2. (Hol. 5088).

LETTICE Ramsey, Photographer (of Ramsey & Muspratt), London Studio, 3 Warwick Gdns., Kensington High St. WES. 1398 (ring mornings if possible).

AVOID furs got by torture; particularly ermine. Write for Fur Crusade leaflets from Major Van der Byl, 49 Tregunter Rd., London, S.W.10. Funds are needed.

THE National Trust needs more members to help preserve the beauty of Britain. Minimum subscription 10*s.* Free admission to properties. 42 Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.1.

HEAL'S remake and re-cover divans, box springs and mattresses, also convert mattresses into spring interior types. Write for folder "Remaking Bedding," Heal & Son, Ltd., 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

DON'T Stop Smoking. Try the famous Crescent Smoking Mixture, the supreme Coltsfoot blend; 2*s.* 6*d.* per 4 ozs. post free. Shrimpton & Cooke, Bromsgrove, Worcs.

"ASTLEYS of Jermyn Street" (109) S.W.1. Pipe specialists. Pipe repairs (any make). Meerschaum pipes old or new purchased.

PARACHUTES. 1. 16 panels. Pure White Silk; each panel 36in × 84in. 4 panels, 15*s.*; 8 panels, 27*s.* 6*d.*; Whole Parachute, 52*s.* 6*d.* 2. Huge White Rayon panels: each 45in × 9 yds. 2 panels, 17*s.* 6*d.*; 4 panels, 32*s.* 6*d.*; 8 panels, 60*s.* Post Free. Money back guarantee. Premier Drapery Co. (Dept. 46), 113 Church St., London, N.16.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept., C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We offer also an interesting booklet giving details and fees of our Courses and Criticisms, and success letters from students.

PARACHUTES. (1) Nylon. Peach, Pink or Light Blue; each panel 36in. × 150in. 2 panels, 20*s.*; 4 panels, 37*s.* 6*d.*; 8 panels, 72*s.* 6*d.* (2) White Nylon: each panel 36in. × 132in. 2 panels, 27*s.* 6*d.*; 4 panels, 52*s.* 6*d.*; 8 panels, 100*s.* Carr. Free. Satisfaction or money back. H. Conway, Ltd. (Dept. 122), 139/143 Stoke Newington High St., N.16.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3*s.* 6*d.* per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1*s.* extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. Insertion delayed a few weeks. State latest date acceptable 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471

More Classified Adverts. on Pages 353-4-5

Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1928. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cornwall Press Ltd., Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1; Published Weekly at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.